

Picturesque

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/14345844) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/14345844>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Underage Sex , Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	The Walking Dead (TV) , The Walking Dead & Related Fandoms
Relationships:	Carl Grimes/Negan , Lori Grimes/Rick Grimes , Rick Grimes/Michonne , Maggie Greene/Glenn Rhee , Rosita Espinosa/Abraham Ford
Additional Tags:	Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Angst , Fluff and Angst , Sweet , Fluff , Carl is a Little Shit , A/B/O , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Omega Carl Grimes , Alpha Negan (Walking Dead) , Daddy Kink , Child Abuse , Child Neglect , Dark Thoughts , Smut , Rick Tries his Hardest - Freeform , Carl's a Slut - Freeform , Slutty Carl - Freeform , Bad!Lori Grimes - Freeform , Gaslighting , Suicidal Thoughts , More warnings inside , Kinks , Omega Glenn , Alpha Maggie , Alpha Rosita , Choking , Kink Negotiation
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-04-17 Completed: 2018-11-27 Words: 54,972 Chapters: 11/11

Picturesque

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Carl's an omega, his mom's an alcoholic, and his dad took a job across the country. His new English teacher, Negan Morgan, just wants to make sure Carl's doing okay, but ends up with a lot more than that.

(highschool AU and a/b/o, additional warnings in end authors note)

Notes

So as in all my stories I have quite a few notes to go over... :)

-There is a lot going on in this story it's a/b/o, Lori is a bitch, Rick's trying his hardest, Negan's got some morality issues, Carl's a total slut, Carl kinda hates himself, anyway it's just a lot packed into one fic. If you have any questions feel free to ask me I am v nice.

-Carl is seventeen, Negan is about 35.

-I'm made Lori Grimes a bitch, so what, it's my fanfic :)

-I'm giving Negan the name "Negan Morgan" from his actor Jeffrey Dean Morgan.

-As always, my omegaverse is my own and you will find deviations from the generally accepted norm.

THAT'S ALL SORRY

TRIGGER WARNING IN END NOTE

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1: Skateboard Accident

January 3rd, 2017. A Wednesday.

Carl wasn't late for school yet, but he was getting there.

It was the first day back after winter break and his mom was in a *mood*. She had refused to let him leave and told him that he needed to clean his room *before* he went to school, which was ridiculous because it was spotless--as he'd learned to keep it the first time she'd yelled at him. So, there he was picking up and hanging the four shirts that he had on the ground and bringing empty cans of soda down to throw away.

That couldn't be enough for her though, it never was, she would always find something that he hadn't done correctly. Usually it was simply his attitude and today was no different. Clamoring down the stairs with empty soda cans in his hands, his skateboard under his arm, and a heavy backpack filled to the brim with books. Among all of this, his mom seemingly not noticing that he was carrying a lot, decided to call him out on how *fucking loud he was walking*.

"Carl, get over here." She said and he tossed the cans before following the sound of her voice to the living room. She wasn't currently drunk, but her favorite time to do so would be coming up soon. Her favorite time to get hammered was just after Carl left for school so that guys could come over and she could be fucked in an alcohol induced bliss. Carl might think that these men were taking advantage of his mother, but she *liked it*. And she was cheating on his dad so Carl didn't much care what happened to her.

Lori started cheating shortly after they lost his one year old sister to an airborne illness, that she'd contracted from Carl. It hit the whole family hard, but Lori the hardest, and even after five years she wasn't seeming to get over it. The affairs had started right under his dad's nose until finally he found out. Carl had thought maybe they would go to couples counseling or figure something out, but no. His dad moved to the other side of the country for a "word opportunity that would support the family," but Carl knew he just wanted to be away from all of his mom's bullshit. The hitting hadn't even started till after his dad had left, and every summer or school break she was able to play it cool and act like the doting mother who made God awful pancakes on Sundays.

It wasn't like Carl would ever tell his dad. His mom told him that it was his fault she had died. He knew that she had been born tiny and it was a miracle that his little sister had lived as long as she had, but Carl was internalizing it and he let his mom take out her anger on him. In a way it *was* his fault that she had died, so he would take the punishments that his mom thought he deserved.

"Yes, mom?" He asked, coming to stand in front of her, obviously impatient to get out of the door and to his first day back to school. He didn't really want to stroll in halfway through first period. That, and, his dad had just left after being home for two weeks so it was prime time for her to start the daily attacks on him again. He reckoned that his mom was weaker than he

was, but he wasn't ever going to hit his mom. She'd raised him, and if she wanted to hit him, he figured she could.

Carl wasn't completely complacent in the abuse though, he had his ways to get back at her. About a year ago she'd been having an affair with the same guy for over three months, Carl caught her drunkenly talking about how much she loved him once. So, Carl did one of the only things he was good at and seduced the man into his own bed, planning it so that his mom would walk in on him. The whole show had earned him a beating that had needed stitches (thankfully his best friend's dad was a vet, good enough) but Carl had at least stuck it to her. From then on whenever she got too close to someone Carl would intervene. Most guys preferred him because he was an omega, even if Carl didn't let them knot him, he was still a good fuck.

"Watch your fucking tone." She said with a glare and got up from her chair that she liked to occupy.

Carl nodded and followed her into the kitchen, understanding that she wasn't done talking to him. Her shoulders were tense and so his body tensed up, it was like the calm before the storm and he didn't know what she was going to do. Lori could snap at any moment, or she could turn around, give him a hug, and tell him to have a nice day at school. She had days like that. "Sorry mom." Carl said finally.

She turned around sharply on her heel and backhanded him across the face, but she had something in her hand that he felt cut into his cheek and he stumbled back a few steps. "Get out." She said sharply and Carl nodded.

He noticed a piece of sandpaper falling out of her hand from a project on the deck his dad had been working on. He must have left it out and Lori grabbed it. *Fucking Great*, Carl thought to himself, *Now I'm going to look like shit, this probably needs iodine or something.*

Carl tried not to think too much about it as he jetted off on his skateboard out of the house. He checked his phone as he cruised downhill (getting home was harder) and noticed that he was surprisingly running fifteen minutes early since he'd skipped breakfast.

He dabbed at his face with the side of his flannel and noticed a bit of blood came off but not a lot, she probably just took off a layer of skin and left him a nice skid mark across the jaw. He got to school as quickly as possible, first period had Glenn and Maggie in it, and Maggie always carried first aid stuff.

Almost nobody knew about his mom other than Maggie and Hershel Greene, he figured Beth might have an idea too, simply because he always went over to their house to get patched up. Maggie was his closest friend and Hershel was like another father figure to him. The man urged him to speak out and tell his dad about what was happening, but Carl wasn't going to ruin his life that monumentally. Last time they'd talked Rick had even mentioned maybe getting a divorce from Lori because he'd found someone in California.

It wasn't a secret to him that his dad wasn't in love with his mother anymore, but divorce was difficult and he really was making better money in California as a Head Detective than he was in King County as a sheriff. His dad had a series of breaks a couple of years ago

involving some of the biggest cases in Georgia and the FBI. Carl knew that his dad had never really dreamed of being a detective, and it was starting to get to him, but he was making really good money so he was going to stay for a while.

He slid into his English classroom and into his seat in the middle against the wall. Glenn sat next to him and Maggie directly in front of him, the luck of a randomized seating system, he supposed.

"Hey Mags," he whispered to the girl who was quietly reading a book in front of him. Glenn looked at him with wide eyes.

"Dude." Was all Glenn said as Maggie turned around.

"Oh Carl." She muttered and reached down to pull a smaller bag out of her backpack. She always had a small medical kit with her, not specifically for Carl but he was definitely a driving reason.

"What happened man?" Glenn asked and Carl was suddenly glad that his mom had used the sandpaper and not anything else, because he had an easy excuse for it.

"Skateboard accident." He muttered with an embarrassed shrug of his shoulders as Maggie roughly wiped his face with a sterile wipe.

"Skateboard *accident*, man you're basically Tony Hawk, I can't believe it." Glenn mused and leaned back in his seat as his girlfriend fixed up Carl's face.

"I guess this is what happens when you try to jump into a rail slide going 25 miles per hour." He said with a sly smile and Glenn just looked impressed. It had been Carl's primary mode of transportation for most of his seventeen years of life, so he was admittedly pretty good, and rarely fell.

"Be careful next time." Maggie said, trying to buy into his story for Glenn's sake. Carl wanted to tell Glenn but the kid was kind of a wild card and Carl worried that he would call Rick himself to tell him, Glenn was a great friend but not a great confidant.

Maggie finally dabbed some iodine on Carl's face, dabbing at it one more time with a cloth before putting her stuff away. "It doesn't need a bandaid, should scab over soon and be gone in a couple of days. *Don't* pick at it, it'll scar." She warned him and Carl gave her a sheepish look. Maggie was definitely the bonafide mom friend.

Suddenly, a man strolled into the classroom, he was tall, lanky, and Carl had never seen him before.

"Quiet please," the man at the front commanded, emphasizing the 'please'. He was scrawling *Mr. Morgan* on the board with clean but sharp handwriting before turning back around and giving the class an award winning pearly white smile. "I'm Mr. Morgan, your English teacher for the rest of the year. Ya'll may have noticed that Ms. Myers had a problem with pills, so she was booted out." He explained and Carl raised his eyebrows at the man. Mr. Morgan certainly didn't talk like a teacher.

None of the students said anything so he gave a nod and took a seat behind the computer to take roll. Carl had never seen a teacher who was anywhere near as attractive as Mr. Morgan, he thought it was a rule that teachers had to be like perfectly average. He was wearing low slung jeans with a tight belt and a button up red shirt, a leather jacket hung on the coat rack. Carl mused over what would happen if Mr. Morgan were to lift his arms up just a little-- would he have a dad bod? Just as thin a lithe as the rest of him? Or was he maybe hiding something even better?

Carl couldn't think long because suddenly *Maggie Greene* was being called and Carl knew that he was next.

"Carl Grimes?"

"That's me." Carl raised his hand a little.

"*Damn* kid, get hit by a bus?" Mr. Morgan joked and Carl gave a lopsided grin at the man, but didn't respond. "Whatever, looks cool anyway." He finished before moving on. Wow, Carl *really* liked Mr. Morgan. He felt a flush when Mr. Morgan called him cool, it was juvenile but the man was just so attractive that Carl had to hand on it, Carl could forget about whoever his moms newest bed buddy was, because Carl had his eyes on someone.

As he went through the rest of roll Carl suddenly found a piece of paper sitting on his desk and Glenn trying to look nonchalant.

Dude. Maggie's dad is outta town this weekend, party? we'll invite the usual: Jesus, Sasha, Tara, Sophia, Aaron, Duane, Noah, you know. Maybe Spencer and those guys too.

Carl scribbled a message on the back of the paper and covertly passed it back to Glenn.

Sounds good, anybody but Simon and Dwight. Friday or Saturday?

Glenn had to hold back a chuckle at the message. The last time they'd invited Simon or Dwight to a party it had ended basically with Simon stealing all of their beer then a rather comical fight between Tara and Simon. Below his first message Glenn wrote another.

*Maybe we should see if Rosita and Enid will come too, make it a real love triangle ;)
Saturday work?*

Carl rolled his eyes at the words on the paper. Carl was *great* at pretending to be into Rosita, the senior and an alpha, and Enid, the sophomore and a beta. However, Carl wasn't exactly attracted to either of them, his preferences ran more the other direction, yet another thing that Glenn didn't know about him.

Maybe you should shut up. Saturday should be ok. Might be cutting it close to my heat though. Carl scrawled back and handed it over. He could feel a dry warmth spreading in his abdomen and that meant that it was coming up. He got one once a month for around three days so he usually ended up missing a day of school a month but his teachers were very accommodating.

Omegas weren't super rare but they were rarer than any of the other sexes. He had been glad to meet Glenn in elementary school, who was also an omega, but now that Glenn had Maggie and they were planning on mating, Carl and him didn't share as much anymore. If an omega was getting regular sex then their heats slowed down to about one every four months.

Glenn looked at him and nodded once with a small smile on his face, reaching over to squeeze Carl's shoulder.

Glenn and Carl were pulled from their thoughts as there was a loud whack on the white board and they both looked up to see Mr. Morgan staring intently at them. "Ya'll wanna share your love notes with the class?" He asked.

Both boys shook their heads, Maggie turned around from her seat and gave Glenn a disappointing look, sure she could be the mom friend till she'd finished an entire twelve pack of brews by herself. "Uh, no sir." Carl said.

Mr. Morgan looked at him for a long while with a smirk on his face. "Well I'll see both of you after school."

"I have basketball practice!" Glenn said quickly. "State's next week, can't miss it."

Mr. Morgan contemplated for a moment before nodding. "Fine then, just you Grimes."

Later on Wednesday.

Throughout the day Carl could feel himself getting a little more tired and lethargic, a symptom of his incoming heat. He could only hope that it would come after the party. They hadn't gotten a chance to get together over winter break since Glenn was working for basically all of it (*maybe* saving up to buy Maggie a real nice promise ring, Carl wouldn't say anything) And Maggie went on a trip with Beth, so this was going to be their first get together in a while. Carl spent most of his weekends with either of them, and Glenn had just stopped asking him why he wasn't spending time at home anymore and preferred to be with them rather than his mom.

He supposed he could have just hung out with their other friends, but Jesus and all of them were more situational friends than real friends. So, Carl had spent a lot of Christmas either at the library or at home, perfectly timed so that his father would be home too. His mom wouldn't risk doing anything while his dad was around, but he still didn't want to suffer through her when he didn't have to. Most of Christmas break was spent trying to get his dad to leave the house with him.

Carl desperately didn't want his heat to come this weekend though. He wanted just some time to unwind and relax. Hershel had offered him a spot at the farm if he ever needed anywhere to spend his heat, but so far his mom hadn't tried to get into the bedroom he locked himself into when he was in heat. When she was really drunk she would threaten to sell him, but so far no of that had happened.

With the dull heat in his stomach Carl glumly realized that it would probably be Saturday when his heat hit, he would still go to the party, but have a plan to leave if he had to.

It was the end of the day finally and Carl yearned to go home, but he knew that Mr. Morgan meant business so he headed towards the mans classroom. He'd heard Mr. Dixon and Ms. Peletier gossiping about him in the hallway and apparently he was an award winning English teacher who produced top rate results, so he was little harsh.

Carl knocked lightly on the open door to get Mr. Morgan's attention and the man looked up from a newspaper he'd been reading. Carl noticed that the man was wearing his leather jacket now and looked ready to leave.

"Oh yeah Grimes, take a seat." The man nodded towards one of the open desks.

Carl sat down and worried mildly about what was going to happen to him. He wondered if he was just going to get detention or if the man was going to make him do something weird like write lines or do a fucking project.

"You're not here because you were passing notes." Mr. Morgan explained and Carl tweaked an eyebrow at him. "I woulda told that other kid to get lost anyway, I just wanted to talk to you. What happened to your face?" He asked.

Carl tensed up and crossed his arms defensively around his chest. This had happened one other time with Mr. Dixon who Carl figured knew what was going on but couldn't get it out of Carl. It had been the worst hour of his life with Mr. Dixon trying to get Carl to admit where his black eye and split lip had come from and Carl finally having to make up a story about being drunk and getting in a fight which gave the kid a reason for not wanting to tell him in the first place, but the soft-hearted math teacher hadn't seemed to believe him.

Carl let out a fake laugh, "skateboarding accident." He finally said, trying to play it cool.

"No." Was all Mr. Morgan said and Carl froze up again, his fake and playful smirk dropping.

Standing up from the desk Carl pushed it away from him a little and grabbed his bag and board from the ground. He wasn't going to put up with this, it wasn't Mr. Morgan's place to stand up for him, he didn't even know the man at all.

"Where do you think you're going?" He asked as Carl walked towards the door. A sense of command in his teachers voice made him turn back around and freeze for a moment.

"I don't have time for this." Carl finally mustered up the courage to say, but his voice was small and he didn't sound convincing.

Mr. Morgan rose from his own desk and walked towards Carl, towering over the teen's small frame. In this position of submission Carl felt a bit of slick work up in his hole--if Mr. Morgan made him enter an early heat Carl would be *pissed*.

"Take this." He pushed something into Carl's hands and Carl took the note. "And take better care of your damn hormones." He finished with, sniffing the air.

Carl turned bright red as he realized that Mr. Morgan could scent the arousal on him, and became even more aroused when he realized that meant Mr. Morgan was an alpha... "Call the number if you need help. No other reasons. No exceptions." Mr. Morgan said and then pushed Carl out of the class and closed the door behind him.

In his hands was a blue sticky note with a phone number scribbled on it, the area code unfamiliar.

January 6th, 2017. A Saturday.

It was around six at night when Carl rolled up to Maggie's house, a gash in his stomach slowly oozing blood out of it. His mom had gotten especially crafty with him earlier and grazed him with a knife. He wondered briefly what would have happened if he'd been closer to her at the time--would she have killed him? Carl didn't give himself liberty to think about that though as he continued his job down the Greene's driveway.

He spent a lot of time at Maggie's house but it was impossible to get to it on skateboard so he had to jog a lot of the way, that was certainly exacerbating his cut.

Getting up to the front door he simply let himself in and called out "Maggie?" into the large farmhouse. Carl was always a welcomed guest. Him and Glenn were basically allowed over whenever they wanted.

"She's upstairs Carl--oh my god!" Beth said as she poked her head out of the kitchen. "Get in here. MAGGIE!" Beth shouted and Maggie was rushing down the stairs.

"What happened this time?" Maggie asked, and before even assessing the wound she was going for her dad's giant first aid kit.

"It's not a big deal, barely a scratch." Carl assured and popped himself up on one of the kitchen counters, lifting his shirt up to show the seeping cut on his stomach. Maggie sucked in a breath and covered her mouth with her hand but then shook her head sharply and got to cleaning it all up.

Butterfly band-aids and neosporin were all Carl needed, contrary to Beth's thoughts that he was "basically disemboweled," Maggie told him that he was going to be just fine, and he was right, it was only really a scratch that decided to bleed a lot.

"Let's go upstairs." Maggie offered and grabbed his hand to lead him up to her bedroom. Aside from her normal girly and clean bedroom, Maggie had three bottles of hard liquor on one of her dressers and two twenty four packs of beer. Her brother had really gone all out for her this time. Maggie supplied the money and her brother bought the drinks, that was the deal. "What happened?" She asked frankly.

"Oh just the usual, a little fight and then some damage. Not a big deal really." He tried to pass it off because he didn't want to talk about it. Carl reached for a beer and had it open before Maggie could stop him and tell him to wait for the party.

"That's not *usual*," she grit out and opened her own beer. "Carl that's not just a kick or a punch, that's a fucking knife wound. She *meant* to seriously hurt you." Maggie reasoned by Carl just shook his head and pushed his hair out of his eyes.

"No she didn't. She was upset that I'm going into heat, as she always is. She told me that this was finally going to be the time she sold me, way to cry wolf am I right? And then anyway I basically told her that dad would kill her if she did that and voila she grazed me with a knife." He finished, a lopsided grin on his face.

Maggie's jaw dropped as she stared at him. "Carl, you can't think this is *funny*, she could have *killed you!*"

"Whatever Mags, no use in getting all worked up over something that will go away in a year and a half." He reasoned but Maggie just shook her head.

"Maybe she'll make you go away in less than a year and a half, Carl, for good."

Carl didn't have a response to that, simply tipped his head back and let the alcohol flow down his throat. He grabbed her TV remote off her bed and switched it on, officially marking the conversation as over.

Later on Saturday.

"Guys, I really need a ride home." Carl said to the room of bodies. It was about one in the morning and most people were either asleep or sitting in small groups and talking about nothing.

Jesus looked up from his conversation and then drunkenly stood up, deciding that Carl hadn't said it anywhere near loud enough, so basically shouted. "IS ANYONE SOBER?"

There were a choruses of no's from around the room. Maggie and Glenn weren't even downstairs anymore, Beth was sleeping soundly in the corner, and every other person in the room was absolutely shitfaced. "You have a fucking skateboard, skate home karate kid." Tara said, unhelpfully.

Carl needed a ride home because he was in heat, and skateboarding/jogging home while basically drunk out of his mind would be a terrible idea. Any alpha that wondered along would be drawn in by his scent.

"Hey Carl dude I can call my dad?" Duane offered but Carl could tell that was even more drunk advice since Duane's dad currently thought his son was at an all night study group and Mr. Jones would probably not be happy if he found out that he was actually drunk.

"Rosita you're sober right?" Jesus asked, still trying to be helpful for Carl.

"Yeah but I'm high." She said from her position of sitting on one of the couches upsidedown as Tara, rather terribly, braided her hair.

"Yeah but you came here high, so you can drive right?" Jesus asked.

"Yeah but did you fucking smell him? I'm not driving home a five course meal that I'm not allowed to eat." Rosita said, sniffing the air and Carl sighed. It looked like it was going to be a lost cause. His mom wouldn't give a shit if he was drunk, but it was very slim chances that she would actually give him a ride home.

Noah was just on the ground giggling, Aaron had brought his boyfriend and they were now, well, somewhere, Sophia couldn't come, and Sasha was fucking knitting or something next to Enid. So Carl was going to have to call his mom.

"Okay, I'm just going to head out. Later." Carl said, grabbing his skateboard and his phone.

"Hey be safe, love you kiddo." Tara supplied and Carl just rolled his eyes before heading outside.

It was a drunken stumble to even try to get out the door. He had by far had more to drink than anyone else, but he also had one of the highest tolerances. Carl was pretty drunk, but he was sure he could find his way home if he needed to.

He pulled his phone out as he sat on his skateboard at the end of the driveway and mashed a bunch of buttons until the ringing noise sounded in his ear.

"Hello?" A groggy voice asked, a man's voice.

Carl sighed. "Are you fucking my mom? Whatever I dun' give a shit. I need a ride home so get her the fuck up an' tell 'er I'm a' Maggie's house." Carl slurred, falling backwards onto the gravel as he did so.

"...Carl?" The voice asked and Carl furrowed his brows.

"Yes th' fuck I am, who is this?" He asked. He didn't know who his mom's newest cheat was, and he highly doubted that his mom would have told them about him.

"God Damn it kid, I told you to call me if this was an emergency. Get your drunk ass to bed, your calling privileges are hereby revoked." The man on the other end said. Carl thought he recognized the voice, but the swearing was throwing him for a loop, he didn't know anyone who swore like that.

Suddenly Carl felt a rush of slick drip out of him and his pelvis arched up as he whined, he was definitely minutes away from entering a full-blown heat. "No, no please, please help me." Carl whimpered, still not understanding who he was talking to.

"Carl, explain to me what's going on." The voice commanded and Carl felt compelled to listen to the deep baritone.

"I'm at a party and I go' really wasted yaknow, but I think my heat is starting and I don't know how to get home." Carl explained and broke down crying towards the end of it. His omega hormones and that fact that he was so drunk he was scared, all added to tears in his mind.

"Can't you call your mom?"

"No!" Carl rushed out. "She'll fucking kill me or somth'n I dunno, she already tried today." He said, looser with his tongue because he was drunk. He supposed he still could call his mom, but this guy sounded like he might actually help him out.

"Watch your fucking mouth kid, now where exactly are you?" He asked. Carl rattled off an address. "Sit tight for five minutes, I'm right down the road from there." He commanded once again and Carl just sunk into the gravel even further, his skateboard underneath his ninety degree bent legs. He was surprised that no one had noticed him out the window, but then again more people had probably passed out since he left.

"Ok I am at the end of the driveway on the ground, hard to miss." He said, and before the man disconnected Carl wanted to know who he was talking to, so said, rather intelligently: "Are you an angel?"

"I'm your fucking English teacher, now don't move until I get there."

Chapter 2: I'm Your Teacher

Chapter Notes

-Hey here's the next chapter!!! I really like this one so I hope you guys like it. Also I am like constantly torn between making Carl just a cute innocent little highschooler or making him a fucking clout goggle skater god. I finally decided that he should absolutely not be a clout god, but he still wears checkered Vans lmao.

That's all, xoxo.

NOTES:

-Carl kind of enters like omega-space in this chapter??? a little like sub-space but way less severe I guess.

-there's usage of a safe-word in this chapter but it's super mild.

January 7th, 2017. A Sunday.

A Continuation of Last Chapter.

Carl didn't move from his spot, basically laying on the ground as he tried to get his breathing under control. He wasn't too drunk to realize what a fucking dick he'd just been to his teacher. His mom's new man of the week, Carl didn't care about. Mr. Morgan? He had a feeling that man was very unimpressed.

Plus, Carl realized with start, I may have mentioned some unsavory things about my mom.

He didn't have too much time to think, as there were suddenly the blinding flash of headlights coming down the road at him. Carl stumbled to his feet and picked up the skateboard in a daze as a slick black car came to a rumble next to him. The passenger door popped open and Carl slid in bonelessly, letting himself fall limp against the leather seats.

"You puke in my car, you buy me a new one." Mr. Morgan warned before making a dangerously sharp u-turn that almost took out Maggie's fence, and then peeling back down the driveway.

"I won't, I promise." He muttered and let his head lean against the window. It was a nice car, a classic one, but Carl wasn't too worried about that right now.

Mr. Morgan leaned over and pressed the back of his fingers against Carl's neck. "Well you're sweating like you're in heat so at least you won't be drunk for much longer. What the fuck was that by the way? You thought it was okay to call me for this? I trusted you with my number." Mr. Morgan said, his voice dangerously low. Carl longed to have his fingers back on his neck, holding it tightly and cooling him down a bit.

"I'm sorry I was trying to call my mom and you know you were under Mr. Morgan and she was under mom, pretty close together." He explained, starting to feel a little more coherent in the mind, even though he wouldn't be for long if his heat was rapidly setting in, and being around Mr. Morgan was definitely going to make it come in full swing.

"No one at Ms. Greene's house could give you a ride?" He asked, one hand on the steering wheel and another resting on the center console. Carl noticed that he didn't know where they were going, but he didn't care. He didn't want to be with his mom so recently after she had stabbed him, and wherever he ended up was better than Maggie's house.

"They're all drunk." He said with a shrug.

"Really kid? You thought it was smart to head out there, almost at your heat and get shitfaced?" Mr. Morgan asked, looking over at him with a *'really'* look on his face, one eyebrow arched.

"I figured someone would be sober enough to drive me home." He responded sullenly and Mr. Morgan didn't say anything else until Carl spoke up again. "Where are we going?"

"Nowhere, not yet, where do you want me to take you?" He asked.

You place, was Carl's immediate thought, but he didn't say it, not yet. He went through his mind for options of places he could spend his heat. "Could you just take me to a heat motel? If you can check me in I can pay you back on Monday, I promise." Carl said. He didn't really want to spend his heat in a cramped hotel room with sterilized masturbation tools, but he figured he would if he had to. He didn't have any money on him, but he could grab some from his mom when he got back home.

"Why don't you want to go home?" Mr. Morgan asked, but it was a loaded question because the man had definitely heard what Carl said earlier about his mom probably killing him if he went home right now.

"My mom's home and she's weird about stuff like this." He finally decided was a safe thing to say, didn't incriminate his mom, and was pretty understandable for betas to be uncomfortable around omegas in heat.

"Listen, I'm not taking you to one of those trashy motels. I don't want to make you uncomfortable, but you can stay the night at my house if you want. I have a spare bedroom you can use." He offered.

At the invitation Carl felt his abdomen tighten again and his arousal spark even higher. Glancing over at Mr. Morgan he noticed that the man's eyes were clouding dark with lust, and Carl whimpered slightly, he pulled his knees up to his chest and wondered if the man would care about his shoes on the leather seats, but he didn't say anything.

The ride was silent after that, only the buzzing of Carl's phone pulled him out of his thoughts.

-Message from Glenn 1:52 AM

'dude all good? asked if u were ok but no one rlly rmbd where u went'

-Message to Glenn 1:52 AM

'am good. got my heat going to home'

-Message from Glenn 1:53 AM

'k, mags is worried. she will txt u'

Not a minute later Carl got a text from Maggie as well.

-Message from Mags 1:54 AM

'Carl Grimes. Where are you? Are you safe?'

-Message to Mags 1:55 AM

'I'm good, had 2 go bc of my heat. do not tell glenn but i am going to mr morgans house. he picked me up.'

-Message from Mags 1:55 AM

'We would have given you a ride home.'

-Message to Mags 1:55 AM

'u guys r shitfaced'

-Message from Mags 1:56 AM

'Fair point. Are you going to his house?'

-Message to Mags 1:56 AM

'ya'

-Message from Mags 1:56 AM

'Be Safe. You don't know him very well and he is an alpha. xoxo'

-Message to Mags 1:56 AM

'ik, it will be ok. see u later.'

The texting ended there and it seemed like it was just in time because as soon as Carl slid his phone into his back pocket, they were pulling into a new driveway. It looked like they were in the subdivision that was just up the interstate from the farming communities. Mr. Morgan seemed to have a huge house, and Carl worried that they wouldn't be alone it it.

He pushed the door open and got out of the car, carrying his skateboard at his side and staring up at the house in front of them. It was probably two stories, he figured a finished basement, and the outside was just plain nice. He and his mom lived in a pretty nice house, but this place was basically a less-spacious mansion.

Mr. Morgan put his hand on Carl's shoulder lightly and guided him up the stairs to the front door, where he undid the locks. Immediately upon entering Carl was knocked on his ass by a giant doberman who licked eagerly at his face.

"Down girl!" Negan barked and the dog backed up. He pulled Carl to his feet, "that's Lucille, or Lucy. She's a nice dog, just overeager." He explained and Carl wiped his face before leaning down to stroke her head softly and the dog seemed to calm down.

"Alright, follow me, it's upstairs. I don't really have any toys or anything, you gonna be okay kid?" Mr. Morgan asked and Carl shrugged his shoulders. "None of that shit, give me an answer. You're not allowed to shrug off questions anymore."

Carl felt another rush of slick at the rules he was being given before nodding sharply. "Y-yeah, I think so."

"You think?" Mr. Morgan reiterated as he pushed open the door to the spare bedroom.

"I've never had a heat without any you know? I guess if I can get to sleep things should be fine though." He assured both himself and Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Morgan gave him a long look before nodding and turning away, pivoting on his foot to give one last word, "bathroom's in the room, don't worry about keeping it down, just take care of yourself."

Carl nodded and had the door closed gently in front of him.

Later in the morning on Sunday, around 3:30

Carl had been tossing and turning for hours, trying to get enough fingers shoved in his hole to try and sate himself, but nothing was working. He couldn't get at the right angle to please himself and he was starting to sob frustrated tears because of it.

If he couldn't find a way to satisfy himself then his heat was going to last even longer, and he would have to miss school and stay home. He was sure he could just barricade himself in his room, but that didn't mean his mom couldn't just slur verbal insults at him.

Finally, he had to get up out of the bed and just pace for a while, he was basically dripping sweat and Carl could smell the alpha so close to him, but he wasn't sure what Mr. Morgan would do if he just walked into his bedroom.

Another wave of arousal hit him and Carl had to lean over the bed and roughly thrust his hips into it. That was the final straw and he gave up trying to get through this by himself.

Wearing nothing other than a super oversized t shirt that Mr. Morgan had thought to throw in the room, Carl made his way down the hall to where he was pretty sure he knew the mans room was. Lucille trotted up behind him and sniffed curiously at his legs. He slipped past the dog and into Mr. Morgan's room.

The man was still awake, sitting up in bed with the light on and reading a book, apparently he couldn't get to sleep either.

"Carl." He said dispassionately, looking the teen square in the eyes and trying not to let his gaze roam.

"Please." Was all Carl said, walking closer until his thighs brushed against the edge of the bed. They were just barely covered and there was an obvious bulge where his dick was standing perfectly erect.

Mr. Morgan sighed before pulling the covers back. "We're not going to do anything, but maybe my scent will make you calm down a bit." He suggested, Carl didn't care, he just dove into bed and curled up against Mr. Morgan's chest.

The man spooned Carl but didn't get himself too close, there was a bit of a distance between Carl's back and Mr. Morgan's front. Carl was able to handle the gap for about five minutes before desperately scooting himself backwards till he was pressed flush against the man.

Carl shimmied his ass back a little and it came into contact with Mr. Morgan's obviously erect cock, through a pair of pajama pants. Carl let out a whimper and ground his hips back on Mr. Morgan.

"Carl we can't do this." He whispered, but didn't sound that convinced himself.

"Why?" Carl asked and continued to grind his hips back. It would be so easy for him to just push down Mr. Morgan's pants and impale himself on the thick cock, he wouldn't even need any prep since he'd been stretching himself so much in the other room.

"I'm your teacher, kid, I'd be taking advantage of you."

"But *I'm* the one who wants it." Carl tried to reason and moaned loudly as he rhythmically backed his hips ass up against Mr. Morgan's cock.

"*Fuck.*" Mr. Morgan ground out and finally couldn't take it anymore. He flipped Carl onto his back and straddled the teenager. "No turning back now Carl, this is your last chance." He warned.

Carl just bared his neck to the man and watched as he pushed his flannel pants down underneath his cock. Carl thrust his hips up in anticipation. "Oh yeah please," he muttered.

Mr. Morgan moved to put a finger in Carl's hole but Carl tried to push it away. "I don't need it, just take me." He commanded.

Mr. Morgan grabbed Carl's hand tightly and pinned it above his head. "*Don't* tell me what to do. I'll listen this time, but *next time*? That shit will not fucking fly." He said and Carl

shivered at the thought of next time.

He felt himself slowly being breached by the impossibly thick cock. Carl hadn't even stretched himself this far and he could feel the burning sensation taking over, but Carl liked it so he ground his hips down further. That seemed to get Mr. Morgan even more into it so the man pulled out roughly and snapped his hips back into the heat.

Carl had his legs up on the man's shoulders, basically folded in half, as his teacher pounded into him brutally. Every snap of his hips drew his cock basically all the way out, then hit home so hard that Carl could feel his ass starting to get sore from it. Mr. Morgan had a perfect cock though, it was longer and thicker than anything he'd taken before and it made Carl go wild.

"You like that baby boy?" He goaded, holding on harshly to Carl's slender hips, sure to leave bruises in the morning, but Carl didn't care.

Nodding, Carl simply let the movements of Mr. Morgan's hips take him along. He'd already cum once, but it wasn't that big of a deal since his own erection was once again raging and ready to burst.

Carl felt his balls seizing up and knew that he was going to cum again soon, but Mr. Morgan circled the base of his cock tightly, Carl whimpered pitifully against the restraint. "Please." Carl moaned out.

"Oh you can beg better than that baby boy." Mr. Morgan said, almost a warning, and Carl knew he was really going to have to beg if he wanted to cum.

"Please, please, let me cum." He cried out, pushing his hips down to meet Mr. Morgan's thrusts, but not able to find release yet. "I need to cum, *daddy*." Carl let the word slip out without really thinking about it. He got off on calling his partner daddy, but a lot of guys didn't like it. With Mr. Morgan calling him *baby boy*, however, it was the perfect combination to send him over the edge.

"*Damn* you are hot." Mr. Morgan grunted and released his hold on Carl's cock, the boy immediately came.

"I want you to cum too daddy." Carl said slyly, desperately wanting the man to cum in his hole. He was on birth control, thankfully, because he wanted to be absolutely filled with seed.

"I'm almost there baby boy." He grunted and with just a few more thrusts Carl could feel himself getting completely filled up and Mr. Morgan slid out with a wet noise. Semen and slick dripped out of Carl's hole.

He clenched miserably as his hole wanted to be filled again, but for an older alpha like Mr. Morgan, the refractory period wouldn't be quite as small.

Mr. Morgan collapsed next to Carl and held the teen tight against his side for a moment, running his fingers lightly up Carl's thighs and feeling. Carl realized too late that Mr.

Morgan's fingers were straying too high, and suddenly the man was pushing up his shirt to look at the bandages, and bruises on Carl's pale skin.

He sat up, turning another light on besides the lamp so that he could see better. "What is this?" Mr. Morgan asked and traced his fingers very briefly over the bruises. Most of them were from a couple of days ago when his mom had him on the ground and had kicked harshly into his stomach. It hadn't hurt that bad but the marks looked absolutely awful, they were mostly a blueish purple in color now.

"Nothing." Carl said childishly and pulled the shirt back down.

Mr. Morgan grabbed his wrist tightly and moved it so that he could lift the shirt back up. "This isn't nothing, and it isn't a skateboarding injury." He said calmly, caressing Carl's hip softly and running his thumb gently over a bruised area.

"I just got into a fight." He tried to lie, but Mr. Morgan was smarter than Carl was giving him credit for.

"I heard what you said about your mom, how she tried to kill you earlier? Was that true? I have a feeling you weren't just over-exaggerating." Carl felt like this wasn't fair, Mr. Morgan had just had sex with him *and* he was in heat, so Carl was statistically more inclined to tell the truth about what happened, even if he didn't want to.

Telling Mr. Morgan what was going on would be awful for his family. Carl would either have to go live with his dad, or his dad would have to come back and resent Carl for having to come back. Something would happen to his mom, he didn't know what, and then everyone would talk about him. He'd be forced to get a therapist so that he could "*move past it*," even though in his mind he was already past it. It would be too much trouble and Carl could deal with his mom hitting him, he *could*.

Carl didn't respond, just leaned back against the headboard of Mr. Morgan's wall and drew his knees up to his chest. His heat was subsiding for now and replaced with a chilly feeling of shame that sunk deep into his stomach.

Unprompted, Carl's eyes began to weep slow tears and he buried his face in his arms. *No*, he wasn't going to do this, *everything is fine, Mr. Morgan can't do shit if he doesn't know shit*.

"Carl please, I just want to help you." He offered, and wrapped one arm around the boy's small shaking frame.

"Then quit asking me about this. Why do you have to *talk* to me, can't you just fuck me?" Carl asked petulantly. He didn't have conversations after he had sex with someone, they usually just left and Carl told them not to come back.

"Do you *really* think I could just ignore this? I don't know how many guys you're fucking Carl, but I'm not just another one of them, I'm your god damned English teacher, who *you* called for help. *You* wanted to have sex with me." Mr. Morgan said, his voice loud but not exactly angry. Carl just sadly nodded.

"Can we just have sex again?" He asked, voice breaking and a little wet sounding. He didn't want to cry but he was a *fucking weak omega bitch* and his hormones were getting the better of him.

"I don't know if that's a good idea right now. Why don't you try to get some sleep." Mr. Morgan offered and unwrapped his arms from around Carl. He stood up, pulling his pants back up correctly and reaching for his leather coat.

"Where are you going?" Carl asked, fear in his voice and looking up at him through red eyes.

"Oh fuck kid, I'm sorry. I keep forgetting you're in heat." He said and rubbed his forehead, but sounded sincere in his apology. He sat back down on the side of the bed as Carl softly cried, trying to keep the noises down but not being able too. He rested his hand on Carl's milky white thigh and pulled a pack of smokes out of his jacket pocket, flipping the lid to show that it was empty. "I'm gonna go grab some smokes, let both of us calm down a little. The store's just a block away, it won't be long." He assured.

Carl just shook his head and cried harder. "P-please don't go." He begged. It was another symptom of his heat, he was overly emotional and didn't want to let his perceived alpha leave. Carl was irrationally afraid that the man wasn't going to return to him.

"I need something to calm down, five minutes." He promised.

"Can I go with you?" Carl asked, trying to wipe his cheeks as he hiccuped.

Mr. Morgan twitched his lips slightly to the side as he thought, then nodded and helped the boy up. "Go put your pants back on, but *no* crying on the street, it's four in the fucking morning, my neighbors are gonna think I'm crazy."

Carl nodded and returned to the bedroom that he'd been in. He kept Mr. Morgan's long *Led Zeppelin* shirt on but pulled his jeans on under it. He checked his phone, but there weren't any messages and he wasn't expecting any. Carl pulled his *Vans* back on, the checkered pair that his dad got him for Christmas. Thinking of his dad made his heart clench uncomfortably, but Carl quickly forgot about it. They needed to get to the store or whatever before he fell back into full heat.

Every round of sex could temporarily remiss heat, but it would still come back about ten or fifteen times over the course of a couple days, more if he really pushed his body and tried to stay in a constant heat.

Walking back into the bedroom, Mr. Morgan handed him a military-green jacket, "it's cold," was the only explanation he got and Carl pulled it on, basically drowning in the jacket, but glad when they got outside because it really was kind of nippy.

Carl wasn't often about at four in the morning unless he was at Maggie's house, so it was kind of weird to be walking down a completely empty sidewalk next to a vacant street. Mr. Morgan kept his arm protectively around Carl's shoulders.

"Hey Mr. Morgan?" Carl asked.

The man winced at the word choice. "Call me Negan, okay? Don't want the neighbors calling the cops on me." He explained and Carl nodded.

"Negan, than." He amended himself, testing out the name on his tongue, it was weird, but it suited him. "Where'd you move here from?"

Negan looked down at him with raised eyebrows, "you really trying to get to know me?" He asked incredulously, but answered the question anyway. "D.C, I taught at a college there." He explained.

"Why'd you come here?" Carl asked, interested in learning more about the man.

"Cause life was too fucking stressful there. It's laid back here, I like that. I don't make as much money, but I don't need as much money." He said, squeezing Carl tightly around the shoulders.

"Were you ever married?" Carl asked next.

Negan chuckled a bit, but didn't answer the question. "Let's cut it with the interrogation." He suggested and Carl nodded.

They walked in silence for a few more moments down the street until they reached a small gas station that had a 24-hour shop attached to it. "Wait out here." Negan instructed.

"Why?" Carl asked nervously, not wanting to stay outside where anyone could be, not protected by his temporary alpha.

"They'll want to card you if you come in. You'll be fine, don't move, I can see you from out the window." Negan promised and Carl finally nodded.

Negan entered the store and Carl wrapped his arms around his middle, his eyes darting in every direction. He was acutely aware of how strong his heat smell was, but couldn't do anything about it.

Carl watched as Negan walked up to the counter, but there was a man in front of him in line. Carl watched the transaction happening, willing for the man to move faster. A twig branch snapped in the surrounding parking lot which made Carl jump.

"Did I scare you?" A man asked, walking up from what seemed like behind the store.

"N-no." Carl muttered and wished that the man would go away. In heat, alphas could also smell fear, so Carl hoped that the stranger wasn't an alpha.

"What are you doing out here all alone?" He asked, walking closer, making Carl back up until he was in the side of the store wall.

"Waiting for someone." He rushed out, glancing back in the store to see that Negan was *finally* checking out.

"What, your perv adult boyfriend buying you beer or something?" The man asked, laughing a bit with the words.

Carl didn't laugh, he just shook his head. "No, he's not my boyfriend."

"Well anyway, you sure do smell good." The stranger leered and leaned in a bit. Carl moved his head to the side but that gave the man the perfect opportunity to smell Carl's neck. "I'm Phillip by the way, Phillip Blake." The man introduced himself.

Carl didn't respond, just held his arms even tighter around his middle.

"You know, it's common courtesy to tell me what your name is." Phillip goaded but Carl just shook his head.

Finally there was the sound of door opening and Negan walked out. "What the *fuck* is going on?" He asked and Phillip immediately pulled a respectable distance away from Carl.

"I was just making sure this one was unattended." He explained, making the word *unattended* a lot more sexual than it had to be.

"Get the fuck out of here." Negan warned and put his arm over Carl's shoulders.

Phillip didn't say anything, just winked at Carl and walked in the gas station.

"Did he touch you?" Negan said, steering Carl back towards his house.

Carl shook his head and leaned into Negan's embrace. "No." He finally said.

Negan didn't say anything for the rest of the walk, just held Carl tightly against his side and lit up a cigarette to smoke as they walked.

"Are you going to have sex with me again?" Carl asked when they got back to his house, just walking inside.

Negan shrugged. "Maybe, but you need some sleep."

"I don't." Carl protested and kicked off his shoes, his hands moving to the button of his pants. His heat was back, sizzling inside of him, and Carl wanted Negan again now. The couch was just tall enough for Carl to lean over and for Negan to pound into his ass.

He shimmied the pants off, the long shirt still covering most of him, and the jacket joining the pants on the floor.

"Carl." Negan warned but the teen just stood on his toes and drew the man in for a kiss. Carl wrapped his arms around Negan's shoulder and Negan gripped at Carl's waist, backing him up against the couch.

Negan had one thigh in between Carl's and the teen rutted against it with his cock. Carl moved his hands to Negan's jeans that he'd put on and undid the button, helping the man to pull them down.

Only able to take so much teasing, Carl turned himself around and pulled the shirt up to bare his ass to Negan, slick and Negan's cum still oozing out of him from earlier.

The rustling of clothing made Carl crane his neck to see that Negan was getting completely undressed. "Come on daddy, just take me." He begged.

Negan shook his head and pulled his shirt off, reaching then for the hem of Carl's shirt, sliding it up the teens chest. Carl grabbed at it and tried to push it back down. "No." Carl said forcefully.

"Your safe word it red." Negan said hastily and then once again tried to remove Carl's shirt.

"No, red, for real, I need it on." He begged and Negan stopped altogether.

He held Carl's hips in his hands and pressed himself flush against his back, leaning up to whisper in the boy's ear. "Why, baby? Daddy wants to see your perfect body." He teased. Somehow, Carl could tell that Negan wasn't pressuring him, that he really was stepping off the gas and just wanted to know why Carl wanted it on so badly.

"You can see everything if I take it off." He whispered back.

"I've already seen everything." Negan goaded, moving his hand back to Carl's hole and immediately sinking three fingers in.

"I just... Can't." He finally said and Negan dropped the subject. He pulled his fingers out and then thrust his cock in just as harshly as he had the first time.

Carl moaned and went limp over the couch, letting Negan fuck into him. Negan was simultaneously pulling Carl's hips back and thrusting forward, creating the deepest sensation that Carl had ever felt. He wondered idly if riding Negan could get him even deeper, but this is all he wanted right now.

"Oh daddy your cock is so thick." He said, letting out short moans each time Negan went all the way in.

"You tiny little hole is taking it so well." Negan said and Carl nearly came at just the praise.

It was only a few more thrusts before Negan filled Carl's hole with a second round of semen and Carl's eyes rolled to the back of his head with all the sensations he was feeling. "Will you touch me please daddy?" Carl asked and Negan brought his hand around to the front of the boy, to grab onto his erection.

Carl was right on the brink of cumming when he heard the sound of a phone ringing from upstairs. Negan paused for a moment, "ignore it," Carl ground out, recognizing that it was his. Negan nodded and continued to jerk Carl off while biting marks into his neck.

The phone ringer finally stopped and Carl came *hard* on the back of Negan's black leather couch, white liquid dripping down it. Carl was about to get down on his knees and clean it with his tongue, but the phone ringer started up again.

"Go get it baby boy." Negan commanded and Carl nodded, heading up the stairs.

The caller ID on the phone flashed *MOM* and Carl almost didn't want to pick it up. It was barely 4:30 in the morning, she couldn't have anything good to say. Still though, Carl wasn't going to let his mom get panicked about him, so he picked up the phone.

"Mom?" He questioned.

"Carl," Lori's voice came, sounding urgent and almost completely sober. "Where the *fuck* are you?" She asked, *oh*, Carl thought, *so, not sober*. She didn't swear unless she was drunk.

"I'm at Maggie's house, I told you I was going to be there." He explained.

"I don't give a shit, just get back here." She ordered.

"What, why?" Unless she had a valid reason, Carl was absolutely not going to leave Negan for any reason.

"It's your dad, he's been *shot*."

Chapter 3: Naw, Rosita's After Me

Chapter Notes

I think it's really ironic that I label each of these chapters on my computer as "Carl Negan Fuck Fest" even though this story is about to get about as far from a light hearted fuck fest as I can get. Anyway, I've finally planned out some chapters, we're looking at 10+ right now, but I keep getting more ideas. I have added more warning about the work as a whole (not this chapter) at the bottom.

NOTES:

- whoever gets the reference to one of Jeffrey Dean Morgan's other roles gets like a crisp high five or smthn, idk. (hint, it's gotta do with his car).
- there's like a lot of conversations in this chapter and not a lot of Negan, sorry. A LOT of him next chapter though xoxo

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

January 7th, 2017. A Sunday.

A Continuation of Last Chapter.

"It's your dad, he's been *shot*."

Carl almost let the phone slip out of his grasp, but caught it at the last second. "I-is he dead?" Carl asked timidly, only wanting right now to be able to crawl into his moms arms and have her tell him that it was all going to be okay. But that wouldn't happen, and that would never happen again.

The line was silent for a moment and Carl feared the worst, finally though, Lori spoke. "No, he's in surgery right now, some fucking *bitch* called me to tell him that he was in the hospital. She wanted to talk to you too, I have her your number." His mom explained and Carl could almost yell at her. That "fucking bitch" would probably be Michonne, who his dad had told him all about. She was a lawyer, she was badass, and his dad really liked her. He couldn't believe his moms hypocrisy, getting mad at his dad for having a 'girlfriend' while she slept with anyone she wanted.

"I'm not coming back home until later today." He said. Carl didn't want to be with his mom right now, he didn't want to be with Negan for that matter. His heat, he could feel, was completely gone. His body had recognized that now was not a safe time to be in heat, he was so stressed out that his body wouldn't be able to carry pups if he got pregnant, so everything shut down, no more slick was being produced at the moment and he didn't desperately need a cock in him.

"Carl *Grimes* get you ass back to this house. We're still a family, I still want to talk to you." She basically screeched through the phone. It might have been an alright sentiment if Carl couldn't tell that she was shitfaced drunk and probably had someone else in the room with her.

"No we aren't. I'll come back tonight." He said and moved around the room, buttoning his pants that were still hanging loose, grabbing his shirt from yesterday, and finally stuffing his skateboard under his arm.

"And where are you going to be until then?" She asked. Carl made his way downstairs. Negan was in the kitchen doing something and Lucille tried her hardest to trip him and keep him from leaving, but Carl was already headed for the door, which he opened and slammed shut before Negan noticed.

"You don't get to give a shit." Carl argued. He wondered why he didn't just hang up the phone and stop talking to her, he had the power to end all of this and put it to rest. He knew, subconsciously that he couldn't just do that though, deep in his heart he wanted his mom to tell him that dad was going to be okay, that she was going to fly them out tomorrow so he could be with him. But she wouldn't, and rationally Carl knew that.

"Watch your fucking language kid. I'm the one who takes care of you! And if your piece of shit dad dies, you'll have no one else. So you better treat me with some respect." She commanded and Carl just sat down in the driveway of Negan's house. It was pitch black outside and he sat on his skateboard, trying to calm himself down by rocking back and forth through his sobs.

"Carl!" He heard a voice yell, but it wasn't his mom, it was Negan coming up behind him. He didn't have any shoes on and looked just as messy as Carl had left him. Carl opted to ignore him for a moment in favor of responding to his mom.

"I wish you were dead. I want my fucking mom back." He cried and stood up, roughly chucking his phone at the lawn where it landed with an anticlimactic *thud*.

Negan wrapped his arms around Carl, holding the boy in a tight hug that he couldn't wrestle out of as he continued to sob. "Shhh." Negan cooed and rubbed Carl's back in light circles.

"Can I leave?" Carl asked timidly through hiccups. He'd barely known Negan for five days and he'd already cried in front of him twice, Carl just wanted out of the situation.

"Where will you go?" Negan asked calmly.

"Maggie's house." Carl responded as he sank into Negan's embrace.

"Is that what you need right now?" He asked, continuing to stroke Carl's back and rested his chin on the top of Carl's head.

Carl just shook his head *yes* against Negan's chest.

"I'll go get some shoes on." He said but Carl shook his head *no*.

"I'll get there myself." He said and tried to pull out of the embrace.

"Carl it's not even five in the morning and pitch black." Negan rationalized, he was worried that he couldn't get through to Carl like this though, like he might just have to let the kid go if that's what would be best for him. "I really don't want you to go alone, what if another alpha approaches you?" Negan asked.

Carl finally pulled out of the grip and turned to go find his phone in the grass. The screen was cracked slightly, but other than that it looked to be fine. He was glad for that, since he didn't exactly have his dad around to give him any money right now.

"Carl, no one's even going to be awake when you get back there. Just take a nap, I promise I'll wake you up at eight." Negan offered. "And you're still in your heat anyway so I don't think you should go."

Walking back over to Negan, Carl contemplated his actions. He could stop being a child and actually think for once, or he could fly off the handle and skateboard down the interstate at five in the morning. Putting it that way there was only one obvious choice.

"I'll sleep for a minute. But my heat's gone." He explained and Negan picked up his skateboard, wrapping an arm around the kid's shoulders.

"Do you want to explain to me what just happened?" He asked as he led Carl inside.

"No." Carl said sullenly. He could tell that Negan was ticked off with the behavior but the man didn't say anything.

"Do you want to sleep with me or in another room?"

"With you." Carl said quietly under his breath and Negan nodded.

"I might not sleep the whole time but I promise I'll get you up at eight, ok?" Negan asked, Carl nodded once again.

Later on Sunday.

At 8:30 Carl was dropped off at Maggie's house by Negan.

Before he could get out of the car Negan gripped Carl's thigh lightly in his hand and looked into the boy's eyes. "We need to talk about this okay? Not right now, but just... Sometime this week." He said and Carl nodded.

"Yeah, we will." Carl promised and without further ado, got out of the car and walked into Maggie's house, not looking behind him as he heard Negan's car peel away. An *Impala* the back read. Carl knew that Negan was talking about their budding relationship that they had, and they *did* have to talk about it, this week might just be too much to ask from the teen at the moment though.

Almost everyone was still in the house except for Tara who had work at eight, Carl wondered how that was going since she'd been almost blacked out at one this morning. A few people were sleeping, but most everyone was awake and helping Maggie throw away any trash and air the place out from the vague pot smell. He and Maggie didn't smoke, but basically everyone else did a little bit, even Glenn sometimes. Carl already felt enough like a rebel just drinking.

Maggie was rushing down the stairs with a panicked look on her face, but that seemed to subside when she saw Carl. "Jeez, I though you were my dad." She complained and pulled Carl into a tight hug.

Carl hugged her back softly and when she pulled away he gave her a sad smile that made her heart hurt. "What's wrong little Grimes?" She asked and ushered him up the stairs, past everyone else that was cleaning.

As soon as they entered Maggie's room Carl burst out into tears again. "It's my dad, he was shot." He said, sitting on her bed and burying his face in his hands. Maggie turned on the TV to drown out the sounds of their conversation. She sat on the bed next to Carl, rubbing his back lightly.

"Oh honey, is he going to be okay?" She asked. He could recognize the difference between insincerity and sincerity, which was one of the reasons he liked Maggie, she was one of the most sincere people he knew. She always truly cared about him.

Carl nodded, "yeah, I think so. He's in surgery right now but my mom was kind of vague." He explained and rubbed at his eyes before laying back on the bed. He should be tired after only sleeping four hours, but he wasn't. He just wanted to avoid his mom for as long as possible, and this was a great place to do it.

"She called you?" Maggie asked, laying next to Carl and intertwining their hands lightly together. Maggie was affectionate with him, but Glenn never minded. As an omega Glenn was oddly confident in himself and his relationship, he never doubted her, and he never had reason to either. Carl would *never* take Maggie away from Glenn. She was an amazing alpha but she never had been, and never would be, the alpha for him.

"Yup, at four thirty in the morning. She screamed at me about how I wasn't home and then I... Well I guess I... I told her I wished she were dead." He finally admitted dryly. He didn't feel bad that he said it to her, he just felt bad that he had to tell Maggie that he said it.

"Did you mean it?" She asked.

Carl shook his head. "No, I don't wish she were dead." And that was the truth, for all of her faults, she was still his mom, and he hoped against all hope that she would one day just wake up and be his old mom again, making him shitty pancakes and everything.

"Are you guys going to go visit?"

"I doubt it." Carl responded honestly. Unless his mom had a couple hundred dollars laying around that would basically be impossible. Plus Carl didn't want to go if he had to go

with *her*.

Maggie squeezed his hand and kind of sensed that Carl didn't want to talk about that particular subject again. "So you stayed at Mr. Morgan's last night?" She looked over at him with a puzzled expression on her face. She hadn't noticed that they seemed particularly close, aside from the detention on day one Maggie hadn't even really noticed them talking.

"I was trying to call my mom but I was drunk so I called him instead." He explained.

"Why'd you even have his number?" She asked and Carl knew that he was definitely going to have to expand on the story now. Maggie knew him too well to just glide over the details, and Carl wanted to explain it anyway, he wanted to get off his chest what exactly he was doing. Maggie would have an opinion biased in his own well being, which would make it better than anything he could come up with on his own.

"It's kind of a weird story, but he didn't actually want to get me in detention, he just wanted to talk to me. Uh, he saw that cut on my face and I guess he kind of realized it wasn't a skateboarding injury--" Maggie cut him off, one of the only annoying aspects about telling her stories was that she was always asking for more details.

"Does he *know*?" She asked pointedly and Carl quickly shook his head.

"No, well maybe now? I don't know, I just kind of avoided the question but then he gave me his phone number and told me to call him if I needed anything. Anyway, fast forward to last night and my heat hit, no one could give me a ride so I was planning on skateboarding, but then I thought that would be dangerous. I ended up calling him and he actually came, to my surprise."

"Did your heat go away?" She asked, concerned. Sometimes it could be medically bad for a heat to disappear as his had.

"Yeah, I think it's cool though. I don't really feel that bad. Um, so yeah he brought me back to his house because he said he wasn't going to just drop me off at a heat-motel, and I didn't want to really go back home then. I was just going to try and go to sleep but the heat was too bad so we kind of um..." Carl trailed off, hoping that she would get the message.

Maggie sat up on the bed immediately and sat on her knees, to look down at him. It was a power stance and made Carl feel small under her gaze. "You did *what* Carl?" She demanded that he answer.

"We had sex. It was all my choice though, he didn't really even have say."

Maggie tried to counter him, "no Carl, the only appropriate thing for an adult to say in that situation is *no*." She urged him.

"Come on Mags, I was in the middle of my heat, literally grinding my ass against him and begging him to take me." Carl blushed when he realized what he'd said. "The man isn't a saint, he was probably entering a pre-rut by the time we were done." He said and Maggie just looked pissed off.

"I can't *believe* that man would take advantage of you like that. After everything you've been through? It's disgusting." She ranted, getting up off the bed and pacing a little.

"Maggie I really like him! He just wants to help me and he took really good care of me when I was in heat. No one's ever been that nice to me before." Carl tried to reason with her, and finally her shoulders drooped a little bit and she sat back down on the edge of the bed.

"Carl he's a lot older than you. He's your teacher. A lot could go wrong." She tried to explain.

"I'm not saying we're going steady, I just said that we had sex." Carl said. "I need someone who can make me safe, and right now that's Neg--Mr. Morgan." Carl corrected himself.

Maggie flopped back onto the bed, completely defeated. "Fine, but don't say I didn't warn you Carl Grimes."

January 8th, 2017. A Monday.

He had dodged a huge bullet with his mom the night before since she'd been passed out from the time he got home to the time he left in the morning. He checked her pulse a few times, but she hadn't died. He'd considered kicking her till she woke up, but he didn't want to actually physically hurt her.

So, Carl had just walked around the same chair that she sat in every day, trying not to wake her up, and finally he'd been home-free when he left for school.

"Dude, that party was fucking lit this weekend. Sorry you had to bail." Glenn expressed and gave Carl a covert, under the desk, low-five.

"It's all good, I left when basically everyone was passing out." Carl explained.

"I didn't even notice you leave." Glenn said, one eyebrow raised.

"Yeah probably because you and Maggie were locked in her room, praying or studying I suppose." Carl joked and gave Glenn another high-five. It was odd for him, to be both best friends with a guy and a girl who were completely opposites, but it grounded him and Glenn brought him back to reality when he needed it.

"Alright, sit down, shut up, and say 'here' when I call your name." Mr. Morgan announced as he strolled into the class room, slipping out of the leather jacket as he did so and hanging it up on the coat rack.

Their eyes locked for just a moment, and then it was over, Mr. Morgan didn't take note of him for the rest of the class.

When the bell rang, Carl made his way up to the front as quick as he could, not wanting to be late to his next class. "Hey uh Ne--Mr. Morgan. Can I stop by after school for some help on the homework? Should just take a second." Carl asked, trying to make it sound reasonable to the other students who could clearly hear him as he filed out.

"You got it kid, I'll be here." Mr. Morgan promised and gave Carl a small smile.

Carl couldn't bring himself to return the smile so simply met with Glenn at the door and they walked to their next class with each other.

The day went by quickly and all too soon Carl was changing into his street clothes in one of the bathroom stalls of the gym room. It was his saving grace that they had those, even if the other guys made fun of him for being a wimp and not showing off like they did. Carl couldn't though, he couldn't afford to do that.

It took him a little longer to get dressed because of his bandage that he had to cover just so, and then his Vans wouldn't slip on, then he had to use the bathroom, and by the time he was leaving the gym room, no one else was there.

He was just about to turn and exit the gym when he heard a noise coming from the coaches offices. He told himself that he should just ignore it and move on, but he couldn't, so curiosity drew him down the hallway.

Mr. Ford, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Walsh all had offices down this way but the only one that Carl was really familiar with was Mr. Ford, who basically everyone called Sarge instead of coach. Carl had been on the soccer team all three years and even though the season was over, he and Mr. Ford got along pretty well.

Carl crept down the hallway and when he finally got to the one open door he peeked his head around the corner and blatantly stared for a moment.

In the office was Rosita Espinosa, notorious alpha and ruthless girl's soccer captain, pressed up against the wall by none other than coach Abraham Ford. Carl was hoping to make a quick escape but Rosita had already made eye contact with him and he could see her starting to pull away from Mr. Ford.

So, Carl did the only thing he could think to do and took off down the hallway as fast as he could, pushing the double doors open out of the gym and back into the rest of the school. He kept a quick pace up until he got to Negan's classroom and then entered, pulling the door shut behind him.

"Open the door Carl." Negan said without even looking up at him.

"Naw Rosita's after me." He whispered and panted a bit.

Negan just gave him a confused look, not knowing who Rosita was because she was a senior, but didn't question it. "What did you want to talk about. I don't really have time right now for *the* talk." Negan chided as Carl came to lean against the mans desk and rifle around through his backpack for something.

"I brought your shirt back." He explained, still basically talking in a whisper, and tossed the garment towards Negan.

Negan immediately tossed it back. "Keep it." He offered.

Carl was secretly glad, he'd slept with the shirt the previous night because it smelled like Negan, but he wasn't going to tell the man that, he just stuffed it back in his backpack. "Can I hang out in here until I know she's gone." Carl asked his voice now going back to normal volume.

Rosita proceeded to bang on the door loudly. "I heard that! I'm not leaving!" She warned and Carl sighed.

"Is she going to hurt you?" Mr. Morgan asked and Carl shook his head.

"No I just saw something I wasn't supposed to. Anyway, uh, thanks." Carl said a little awkwardly, not wanting to say anymore while Rosita was quite obviously listening in on what they were saying.

Negan gave him the same small smile from earlier, and this time Carl returned it, before he slipped out of the classroom and right into Rosita's clutches.

"Carl." Was all she said before roughly grabbing his by the arm and basically dragging him out to the parking lot until they got to a familiar lifted truck that he recognized from the party. "Get in." She commanded.

"Wait, are you *actually* going to kill me?" Carl asked incredulously, getting in anyway.

"Shut up, we're going to *Wendy's* I just need to talk to you." She explained and climbed into the truck herself. She was wearing one of her usual provocative outfits consisting of shorts and a tiny top, he was pretty sure she only got away with it because the teachers thought she was hot--and apparently that was more than correct.

"Talk about what? How I saw you asking Mr. Ford for some tips on your soccer plays?" He tried to make up, looking at her sheepishly.

"I like it, but no. I need you to agree to complete secrecy on this Carl. I... Well I really like him okay? It's not just like a thing about him being in a position of power or anything." She tried to explain.

"No, yeah, totally cool. Not going to tell anyone." He said and she nodded with a self-satisfied smirk. With a start, Carl realized what a golden opportunity this was. *He* wanted to pursue a relationship with a teacher, and Rosita was in one that obviously worked, so maybe this would be prime time to get intel. "So when did this whole thing start?" He asked.

She didn't seem shy about answering his questions, for which Carl was glad. "Last year. We do everything that normal couples do, just like in the next town over... And away from his wife... But he's divorcing her when I graduate." She made sure to say.

They drove through Wendy's and Rosita ordered a black coffee, didn't ask him if he wanted anything. "How do you keep it a secret?" He asked.

"It's pretty easy, people would rather not deal with something like this, so even if they think it might be happening they ignore it." She explained and Carl nodded. Rosita continued with

something that Carl really wasn't expecting: "You and Mr. Morgan though? It would be a little bit more difficult-"

"Hey! We're not together." Carl objected.

"Shut up, I know he picked you up the other night. I was walking outside to see if maybe you really did need a ride home and I saw him pick you up. Anyway, as I was *saying*, it would be harder for you guys. Abraham and me? We're both alphas, a rare coupling but we make it work, and most importantly? No one would suspect it. Poor little omega Carl and the dashing handsome new alpha teacher that he's spending a lot of time with? Yeah that's pretty fucking obvious romeo." She said. "Where do you live?" She asked.

"Uh..." Carl rattled off the address, he didn't *really* want to go home, but maybe his mom was still passed out. Well actually, he hoped not because she would probably die if she was.

"Now, I don't know how serious you are with Mr. Morgan but there's also ways it could be easier for you guys. I'm sure you know all about claiming laws and all about how even if it's rape it's still a valid claim, all that medieval bullshit. So if it's found out that Abraham and I are together? He'll get fired and the state might actually force a restraining order on him because I'm still 17. You guys? Hell if he claims you I would be surprised if he would even get a slap on the wrist if you guys were found out. It's just some stuff to consider, man. You're only 17 too, no one's got this stuff figured out.

"Also, just so we're clear, you tell *no one*, I know that you can't keep a fucking secret from Maggie but she is like number one person I don't want to know." Rosita explained and Carl nodded.

"Yeah I can keep a secret, don't worry." He said as they rolled to a stop outside of Carl's house.

"Sorry to lay all this heavy stuff on you Carl, I hope everything goes well with you and Mr. Morgan." She said with a small smile.

Carl smiled back at her. "Yeah thanks Rosita!" He said and climbed out of the cab with his backpack and skateboard.

The car was gone from the driveway, so either his mom was gone or someone had stolen their car. He didn't worry about it as he entered the house that was now perpetually unlocked so that his mom's boyfriends could enter without needing a key. "Mom?" He called into the house but didn't hear a response, she was gone.

Carl felt his phone vibrating in his back pocket and pulled it out, he didn't recognize the number so he considered not picking up, but finally he did.

"Carl?" He heard a voice on the other end that he didn't recognize.

"Yeah that's me." He said and headed up the stairs in their tiny house to his bedroom, pulling the door shut and locking it. He hoped that this wasn't anybody who was going to talk to him

for long, he'd had too many earth shattering conversations recently and he was not looking forward to another one if that's what this was.

"I'm Michonne Anderson. I'm your dad's friend." She explained.

"Oh." Was all Carl could think to say, and before he could add anything, she was talking again.

"I totally understand if you don't want to talk to me, your mom seemed liked she didn't want me around, and I understand so just let me know and I'll go." She offered.

"No, no, my dad's talked a lot about you, and I'm nothing like my mom." Carl explained. It was hard not knowing what Michonne looked like or what her expressions were, she sounded serious but the way his dad had explained her she was laid back and carefree.

"You know your dad's in the hospital?" She asked.

Carl nodded, then realized she couldn't see him. "Oh yeah." He said and took a seat on his bed, kicking up his feet and relaxing into the conversation with her.

"He's fine, by the way, he'll be totally cool. The only problem is that he's in a coma right now and the doctors can't predict when he's going to wake up." She explained.

Carl tweaked his lips to the side, *of course this would happen to me*, he thought. Once again, Carl just responded with, "oh."

"I get that this is probably pretty hard for you and your mom. I mean I know their relationship isn't the best, but still." Michonne said with a lack of passion in her voice. It was a moment before she seemed to collect herself and continue talking. "Um, so Rick's getting a stipend for his family while he's in the coma, so that will go to you guys. It's not enough for a plane ticket out here though, so I was wondering, if I send you guys the money will you come out here?" She asked.

Carl sat in chocked silence for a long while, so long in fact that he only came back to reality when she called him name. "No, no, I mean yeah! Um, but no you don't have to spend that kind of money on us." He rushed out, he would feel like he was in her debt if she really spent that money on them.

"I wasn't asking for your permission, I was asking if I could count on you guys to buy the plane tickets and get out here." She reiterated and once again Carl nodded over the phone.

"Yeah yeah absolutely. I mean the weekend's at the end of the week," he said stupidly, "we could totally come out then." He said, rather awkwardly. He didn't know what plane tickets would cost that last minute, maybe he was asking too much of Michonne.

"Okay, when I get off the line I'll put the money in your dads account, you can access that right?" She asked.

"Yeah, for sure." Carl responded smoothly.

"Now, I know your mom isn't the most *stable*, and this is quite a bit of money, I don't want to sound rude but--"

Carl cut her off. "I gotcha, she won't touch the money, I'll get it out immediately." Carl said.

"Hey, you sound like a good kid Carl. I'm looking forward to meeting you." She said, sounding genuine.

"Me too." He said, and it was coming from the bottom of his heart. Michonne sounded awesome from everything his dad told him, and now *this*? She was probably the best person to have ever lived, at least in his book. "Just one thing, um I know you're sending enough money for two tickets, do I have to bring mom?" He asked.

Michonne was quiet for a moment before responding. "I suppose not. If you would rather bring along someone else for support that's fine. I mean I'm not funding a vacation for you and your friends--"

Carl but her off again. "No, no it's my alph--" he tried to stop himself, but he'd already said too much of it.

"Aren't you seventeen?" She asked, confused. It wasn't unheard of, but it was rare.

"Um, alpha to be kinda, ya know? Ha ha, well good thing my dad's in a coma. Oh horrible joke I'm sorry, I take that back. You seem cool Michonne, thanks. I'll uh, talk to you when I get to California." And with that, Carl hung up.

Chapter End Notes

UPDATED TRIGGER WARNINGS FOR FUTURE CHAPTERS:

- attempted rape/noncon (doesn't actually happen)
- suicidal ideation
- suicide (NOT Carl)
- attempted murder
- potentially upsetting violence

Chapter 4: Well Then Romeo...

Chapter Notes

I have updated some info about the story to say that there will be 15 chapters in total, however that is subject to change. Since this is a work in progress, I would love to hear suggestions about what you as the readers would like to happen in the story! I love getting input and stuff like that often ends up in my stories (Daryl and Rick Against the World was only six chapters because people kept giving me ideas) so if you would like something to happen in the story let me know!!! :)

NOTES:

-this chapter is SO LONG I'm sorry. In my chapter notes I had 'carl convo w/ negan-1000 words' and IT BECAME LIKE AN ENTIRE CHAPTER ITSELF. So, more stuff was supposed to happen in this chapter but I didn't get around to it.

-also I know nothing about medicine, the beer bottle thing is based off of a mythbusters episode (btw tw for violence in this chapter) you'll see.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

January 10th, 2017. A Wednesday.

Carl had been stoutly avoiding speaking to Negan, even though he had to ask the man for a pretty big favor. Finally, when Wednesday rolled around, Carl realized that it was the last day that he could ask the man.

If Negan couldn't come with him then Carl wasn't sure what he would do. He'd never actually flown on a plane before so he wasn't sure how to get a ticket or actually like get on a plane. The thought scared him as Carl didn't like being in large groups of strangers, so he was desperate to get Negan on board.

As the bell rang signalling the end of school, Carl booked it out of the gym, not waiting around this time. He had Rosita had talked a few more times since then and Carl had opened up easily to her about his relationship problems with Negan. Rosita was one of the few alpha females who actually spoke and controlled a room like one, and it was very easy for her to get him to open up. They talked for a long time about his insecurities about being in a potential relationship with an adult. Carl hadn't brought it up around Maggie recently because she still seemed on the fence about the idea, so he had started spending more time with Rosita.

At first, the alpha had treated him like he was an annoying little kid following her around, but after Tuesday she got used to it. He had even told her about his dad and she urged him to go speak to Negan about it.

So he walked up slowly to the mans class room and knocked on the door. It was closed but light was filtering out underneath the crack so he figured Negan was still here. "Come in!" The man called in his deep voice and Carl pulled the door open just a crack before slipping in.

Ms. Peletier and Mrs. Monroe looked stared at him as he walked in. "What's up Grimes?" Negan asked, but he could see the look flashing across his face that basically read '*not right now*.'

"Oh uh, I just needed homework help, but it's all cool, I'll catch you tomorrow." He said and made to back away.

Ms. Peletier, his sophomore english teacher stopped him though. "What's that on your neck Carl, did you get in another fight?" Carl winced at the words and turned around slowly, gripping his skateboard in his hands with a white knuckled grip.

"Banged myself up doing a rail slide, just the usual Ms. Peletier." His said sheepishly.

She gave him a pointed look and then shared one with Mrs. Monroe, the principal. "You get hurt pretty often Carl." Ms. Peletier said and Carl briefly wondered why they would choose *now* to bring this up, in front of Negan, and when Carl so obviously didn't want to be there.

"Occupational hazard. I gotta get going. Bye." And he slipped out of the room without giving the woman another chance to say anything to him. He had a feeling that she *knew*, that she had known since last year, and that maybe she'd been the one to mention everything to Mr. Dixon, and that's why he'd been cornered last year. But no matter what he wasn't going to give up anything. These people didn't actually care about him.

He got on his skateboard outside of the school and took off--in the opposite direction from his house.

For a little while he was just skating aimlessly in the direction of Maggie's house. She was out on a date with Glenn so he would just be hanging out with Beth and Hershel, which was fine by him, he was close with both of them.

Carl usually helped Hershel on the farm during the summer, and he was always willing to help Beth with her homework and such. He'd been friends with Maggie since kindergarten so he was super close with her family.

Skateboarding precariously on the concrete paved side of the interstate he saw a giant sign for *King County Condos*, where Negan lived. He could see Negan's large house from where he was skating, and ended up tripping over his board as he looked.

There was a long grassy hill that both he and his skateboard tumbled down. He couldn't seem to stop himself from sliding all the way down the hill because of the steep grade, and his board was sliding down easily on its face. He skidded to a stop ungracefully on an asphalt road at the bottom of the hill, cutting up his arms pretty badly. His hand dragged pitifully against a sharp rock as he struggled to get up.

"Well Dwight, looks like we just witnessed Tony Hawk's fall from grace." He heard a familiar voice say and shot his eyes to see Simon sitting on the porch of a house just across from the road. *Well shit, I've got an unclimbable hill on one side, and two pricks on the other.* Carl brushed himself off and picked up his board, trying to ignore the cuts on his arm.

He set the board down, intent on skating off and trying to find the entrance back onto the interstate.

"Hey Carl! Dude come back we'll get you some bandages at least!" Dwight called.

"Come on D, you really want to help this asshole?" Simon questioned, looking incredulously at Dwight.

"Come on man, he's bleeding." Dwight tried to argue.

"Fuck you guys!" Carl finally said, skating off and leaving them behind him. Simon was a prick that had bullied him and Glenn for basically all of middle school since they were male omegas, and Dwight was just his silent accomplice.

However, as Carl skated away he realized that he actually did need some bandaids, and returning to the highway would probably not be a great idea since he actually looked like a serial killer. His nose was bleeding now, covering his tee shirt and his arm was steadily dripping blood. All the wounds were superficial, but he didn't want anyone to call the cops on him.

He knew roughly where Negan's house was and decided to head over there. He pulled his phone out of his pocket, thankfully it wasn't hurt, and texted Negan. He knew that texting and skating wasn't a great idea as he'd just fallen pretty epically, but he was currently skating down an empty road towards Negan's house.

- Message to Mr. Morgan 3:50 PM

hey it's carl. r u home?

Sending the text Carl pocketed his phone and turned down the road that Negan's house was on. His car wasn't in the driveway so Carl simply slowed his roll and parked himself on the porch. Lucy saw him from the window and went absolutely crazy, panting at him through the window, Carl just smiled at her. He liked dogs, he'd never had a pet.

He felt a vibrating in his pocket.

-Message from Mr. Morgan 3:56 PM

I am headed there soon. Why?

-Message to Mr. Morgan 3:57 PM

I had a skateboard accident, sitting on your porch.

-Message from Mr. Morgan 3:58 PM

Are you okay? What happened?

-Message to Mr. Morgan 3:59 PM

Fell down the hill by your subdivision. Covered in blood haha, but I'm not badly hurt.

-Message from Mr. Morgan 4:03 PM

For some reason, I don't believe that you're not hurt. There's a spare key under the green rock in the garden. I don't have any medical supplies but there is cash in the nightstand--take a shower, go to the store, clean yourself up. Take Lucille with you, I don't trust the people in this neighborhood. I'll pick up some food and be there in forty-five minutes tops. Mr. Dixon just came in and apparently really wants to talk to me :/

-Message to Mr. Morgan 4:03 PM

Gotcha, thank u. Sorry about ur meeting haha. :)

There wasn't a reply after that and Carl dug out the key that was securely taped to the bottom of a rock. He opened the door and was immediately tackled by Lucille who wanted to lick all of his cuts clean, but he pushed her off and made his way upstairs. Carl *really* didn't want to get any blood on Negan's stuff.

Lucille followed him curiously through the house. There was a bathroom in the hall with a shower, but something drew him towards Negan's room, where there was a huge walk in shower, easily enough room for like six people. Carl decided that this is where he would take his shower.

Seeing Negan's bed made him remember everything that had happened in it and he felt his cock getting a little hard in his pants at the thought of Negan helping him through his heat. *God I'm so dumb*, Carl thought to himself, *why haven't I talked to him?* Carl wished that he hadn't rushed out so quickly on Sunday, or that he'd actually talked to the man, called him or something. He hoped that he hadn't ruined his chances with the man, maybe he was just taking pity on him by letting him into his house.

Carl's cock wilted at that thought and he quickly stripped out of his clothing, stepping into the shower spray and feeling it burn away everything that had happened in the past week.

He scrubbed at all of the blood on him and the cuts on his arm stopped bleeding in the water, he figured they would seep a little big when he got out of the shower, and Maggie would kill him if he didn't put any neosporin on his cuts.

Lucille watched him the entire time he was showering, laying down with her paws crossed over one another and keeping a watchful eye on him. Carl couldn't tell if she was watching to make sure that he wouldn't do anything, or watching to make sure that nothing would happen to him.

He finally finished showering and turned the knobs off, grabbing a towel and drying his body with it. When he brought it up to his hair he realized that it smelled like Negan, which sent

another shock of arousal to his stomach, but he didn't have time right now to jack off, because his arm was seeping blood once again.

Carl pulled his jeans back on, they just had a little bit of blood on them, but his shirt was absolutely covered, and to top it off it was white so he wouldn't be wearing it ever again.

Wondering briefly if Negan would be mad at him, Carl went to the man's closet and grabbed a shirt out of it. Carl had never seen Negan wearing a t-shirt except for when he was sleeping, so he pulled it on over his head. It almost reached his knees and Carl thought he looked ridiculous, but he had to head out anyway.

In the nightstand there was a thick wad of twenties that Carl marvelled at for a moment, it was a *shit* ton of money. Gulping, Carl peeled one of the twenties out and saw a dog leash next to the money, next to that was a bottle of lube and a tall stack of condoms. Carl blushed deeply and slammed the drawer shut. *Of course I'm not the only one he's had sex with.* Carl reminded himself and called Lucy over.

She was happy to have the collar put around her neck and they slipped out of the house, Carl locked it behind him and slid the key into his pocket.

Lucille didn't pull at the leash at all, she just trotted beside him and sniffed at the ground as they walked.

He remembered that the gas station was only about a block away, so he took his time walking to it. He'd barely been in the shower ten minutes so he had a lot of time to kill before Negan got back.

The sign outside of the gas station said *Well Behaved Dogs Welcome* and Carl let out a sigh. He would have been worried to have to tie Lucille up and leave her. She was well behaved so Carl brought her inside. She trotted in like she knew exactly what her job was and Carl grabbed some neosporin and band-aids before heading up to the counter. A man was working the till, a stubbly beard and a nametag that read *Gareth*.

"Just this for you?" He asked and Carl nodded. "What happened to your arm?" He asked genuinely, he seemed nice enough.

"Skateboarding accident." He said with a small laugh.

Gareth chuckled as well. "Hey I recognize that dog. Tall guy, leather jacket? You guys friends?" He asked.

Carl didn't know what to say to that. *What if he knows Negan's a teacher? I'm obviously a teenager.* Finally, Carl just shook his head. "Naw this is my dog."

Lucille looked curious and put her paws up on the counter as Gareth was handing him a bag and a receipt. "Hey girl." Gareth said and reached out to pet her, Lucille bared her teeth and growled loudly at him, Carl yanked her back down to the floor.

"I'm so sorry, she's usually so nice." Carl gushed out.

Gareth gave him an award winning smile and said, "it's all cool man. See you around."

Carl nodded at him and headed outside. He looked down at Lucille for a moment when he got out of the store. "Yeah, I agree." He said softly to the dog as they started to walk. "He did kind of give me the creeps."

Dogs could usually judge character better than humans so Carl gave her a small rub on the head.

When he got back to Negan's house Carl let himself back inside and took a seat at the small kitchen table. He dabbed neosporin on the cuts and then covered each of them up with a bandaid. It looked kind of ridiculous, but at least they wouldn't get infected.

He checked his phone again and realized he still had like twenty minutes till Negan got back--and Carl had an idea in mind.

He headed back up to the mans room and stripped his jeans and shoes off, leaving him in just the oversized shirt and a pair of socks. The best way that Carl knew to get the man to like him again, was to seduce him. And Carl was good at that, it was one of his only real talents--the innate ability to seduce basically any man.

-Message from Negan 4:30 PM

On my way. See you in 10 mins.

Carl smirked to himself and took a seat on the couch downstairs, lounging with Lucille next to him. He hoped the dog was allowed on the couch, she'd definitely jumped up on it confidently.

He pet her head slightly and scrolled through his Instagram.

Finally, Negan strolled in with bags of groceries in his hands. He took a long look at Carl stretched out on the couch, his creamy thighs peeking out from under the shirt, then walked into the kitchen to set the bags down.

Carl stood up, walking in behind him and jumping up to sit on the granite counters. Negan glanced over at him with a raised eyebrow and a small smirk before continuing to put the groceries away. Carl tweaked his lips to the side.

"Your arm okay?" Negan finally asked him as he threw away the empty grocery bags and walked over to Carl. He pushed the boys legs apart and stood inbetween them, his hands resting on Carl's hips.

So, Negan *did* want him. Carl laced his legs around Negan's hips, pulling the man in so that his crotch was pressed up against Carl's underwear. "Yeah, just superficial shit."

Negan nodded and pulled Carl closer against him, pressing his lips lightly against Carl's neck.

"So why'd you come here?" He asked huskily, his hands working their way under Carl's shirt and up over his body, tweaking lightly at his nipples. Carl thrust his hips up with a soft

moan.

"I was going to Maggie's house and I fell down the hill." He said, a red tinge coming to his face.

"So you *actually* fell off your skateboard?" He asked with a small smile coming to his face.

"Shut up." Carl mumbled, Negan gave one more nip to his neck before pulling away and moving his hands back down to rest on his hips.

"But you did want to talk to me earlier, what was that about?" He picked Carl up with ease and carried him over to the couch taking a seat but keeping Carl on his lap. Carl thrust his hips forward again.

"You're no fair." Carl whined, wanting the man to go back to touching him and kissing him.

"We should talk before we do anything else baby boy." Negan warned, but as Carl ground himself down he could feel that Negan was semi-erect as well.

Carl sighed but nodded. "It's uh, about that phone call I got the other day." He started and Negan rubbed small circles into his hips.

"It's okay baby." Negan assured.

Nodding, Carl continued with his story. "So, my dad lived in California, he's a detective. He was um, shot." Carl finally forced out and took a breath. He'd done enough crying over this and he wasn't going to shed any more tears, so he sniffled and continued. "He's fine I guess, but he's in a coma and the doctors don't know when or *if* he'll wake up."

Negan squeezed his arms around Carl. "Oh baby boy," he whispered.

"Daddy," Carl mumbled softly and leaned his head into the crook of Negan's neck.

"What can I do to help you? Anything." He promised.

"There is actually something, and you can say no! It's kind of a lot to ask--"

"Just say it." Negan urged and stroked Carl's back.

"My dad's girlfriend sent me some money for plane tickets to California. I can't bring my mom, I *can't*. I need someone to go with me, it's just for the weekend...Well maybe part of Monday. Oh just forget it, this is ridiculous." Carl mumbled and buried his face further into Negan's neck with an exasperated sigh.

Negan was silent for a moment as he continued to rub Carl softly. It was a few long minutes before Negan finally spoke. "Yes. Yeah, I'll go with you."

Carl shook his head, "you don't have to, I'm sorry." Carl said.

"No, I'll get a sub for Monday and we can fly out Friday night if you can get the tickets that soon, can you?" Negan asked.

"I uh, I don't know how. I've never taken a plane before." Carl admitted.

"Let's go upstairs and I'll get them on my computer right now." He said with a smile and Carl had to smile a little too.

January 11th, 2017. A Thursday.

He and Negan hadn't ended up having sex that night, they'd made out for literal hours, but neither of them really had the emotional energy to do anything more than that. Negan got the tickets ordered, Michonne had sent them just enough and they were set to leave on Friday at eight in the evening.

It was afterschool and Carl was laying on his bed, his mom wasn't home so he had some time to himself before he would have to talk to her. He couldn't just leave her without saying anything for three days. He *had* to tell her where he was going. Carl had his bag packed and sitting by his bed in the event that she blew up at him and he had to get out of there.

-Message to Mishone 5:30 PM

Hey Mishone, Negan and I will be in California around 1 in the morning on saturday and we will leave on monday

-Message from Mishone 5:32

Sweet, you can come stay at your dads house then if you want kid. I'll be there. (also it's Michonne)

-Message to Michonne 5:33

i think we will get a hotel room that night but could we meet in the morning for breakfast or smthn? (sorry :)

-Message from Michonne 5:33

Alright. There's about a hundred places to eat in Laguna. I'll let ya know sometime later where we should eat. Looking forward to meeting you. Hey, does your dad know that you have an alpha?

-Message to Michonne 5:34

neato, and no he doesn't. Um, it's kind of a secret?

-Message from Michonne 5:35

Well then Romeo, guess I'm facilitating your secret angsty romance. ;)

-Message to Michonne 5:35

u rock, see u soon.

Carl set his phone down with a start when he heard the front door open. "Hey Carl, you hear?" His mom called and he jumped off of the bed, heading downstairs.

He took in the sight of his mom, she was well dressed, her hair was brushed, and she was even wearing a little bit of makeup. Maybe this would be easier than he thought. "Yeah mom, I'm here." He said.

"Hey Carl, you wanna make your mom some food, pretty please?" She asked with a familiar smile on her face and Carl felt himself basically melting.

"Hey mom, absolutely." He said and smiled back at her. He headed to the kitchen with a grin on his face, she wasn't drunk. She *wasn't drunk!* It had been a long time since he'd seen her like this and he was giddy with excitement.

She took a seat on the counter of the kitchen to watch him whip together a couple of sandwiches. "So, I have something I need to tell you." He started.

She raised an eyebrow at him but otherwise said nothing.

"Uh, ya know Michonne? Anyway she send me some money to go to California and see dad. I'm going for the weekend."

There was an audible silence in the air and Carl watched his mom get up from the counter. All of her features shifted and she walked over to the fridge.

Carl was completely frozen in fear as he leaned against the counter, bracing his hands on the counter as he stared at her. His mom was unpredictable, and apparently he shouldn't have told her this.

He weighed his options as his mom grabbed an almost empty beer bottle from the fridge and took the last swig. He could make a run for it, grab his bag and then push her out of the way to get out of the house, but she had been so *nice* to him a moment ago, maybe she wasn't going to do anything. "Is everything okay mom?" He asked.

Lori walked closer to him and he could feel his nails digging into the counter as she strode to stand right in front of him.

"No Carl, it's not alright." She spat at him and before Carl could make a move, her arm was swinging up and then down, connecting the beer bottle to his head with an incredible force.

It shattered and Carl dropped to his knees immediately, his hands digging into the glass on the floor. "I'm going out, have this cleaned up when I get back." She said, and before Carl could even begin to get up she was out of the house, driving away.

Carl stayed on the floor for a moment as he felt blood trickle down the side of his face and he vomited forcibly onto the floor. Carl gripped the handle of a drawer as he tried to get up but

the drawer came free and he fell over backwards onto the floor, narrowly missing the pool of his own sick but cutting his back with the glass.

Laying there for a few minutes Carl realized this was serious, he needed to call someone and he needed to get up.

His whole world was blurry as he finally pulled himself up off of the ground and walked disjointedly towards the stairs, he crawled up them on all fours and then collapsed onto his bed with phone in hand, hurriedly calling Maggie.

"Carl?" She asked into the phone.

"Mags, I 'eed 'elp." He slurred back as his vision swam in front of him.

"Oh my God Carl! Are you at home!?" She yelled and he could hear the sounds of her shuffling through the phone.

"eah, i was hit. I needa go ta the 'ospital." He said and let the phone slip out of his grip.

"Carl! Don't pass out! Please you have to stay awake. Ten minutes. I'll be there in ten minutes!" She promised.

"Ok." Was all Carl said and hung up the phone.

He forced himself out of the bed. He grabbed his duffel and kicked it down the stairs, stuffing his phone into his pocket. He stumbled his way to the bathroom and looked in the mirror, he could barely see out of his left eye because of the blood. He saw his reflection but it didn't look like him. The left side of his head was fucked up and just *dripping* blood. The tip of his ear he couldn't even see anymore, and Carl through up, thankfully in the toilet this time.

Once again he stumbled down the hall, this time sitting on the stairs and sliding down slowly. His head was full of water, his eyes couldn't focus on anything. Carl grabbed his duffel bag and his skateboard and opened the front door. His moms car was gone and he sat on the concrete steps leading up to his house.

There was a huge tree that blocked his view and everyone else's, so he wasn't worried that anyone would see him and call the police.

Finally, a car pulled up and Maggie jumped out with Beth.

"Oh my god." Maggie said and she helped him up, he could tell that she was sobbing as she got him to the car, Beth grabbed his stuff. Maggie helped him into the front seat, right next to Hershel who was driving.

Hershel didn't say anything, just helped Carl buckle his seat belt and then tore out of the driveway and down the street. Carl had never seen the man look so tense before. Maggie and Beth were both crying, Maggie held his hand from the back seat.

Carl was dazed, he couldn't seem to form a coherent sentence. He finally fished his phone out of his pocket and limply handed it to Maggie.

"Can you 'all Mr. 'organ?" He asked, his head lolling from side to side, and finally he leaned it against the window, letting his eyes close a little.

"Stay awake son." Hershel said and rested his hand on Carl's shoulder.

"Yeah, yeah I can." She said and Carl heard the sounds of his phone.

"Uh, Mr. Morgan this is Maggie." She said through sobs, he could hear the voice of Negan on the other end, desperately asking what was wrong, *is Carl okay?*

"No, no he's not. We're taking him to the hospital. Oh god it looks so bad, there's so much blood." She sobbed out. "I think he wants you to come, the emergency room." She said.

"*I'll be there.*" He heard from the other end, and then as Maggie was hanging up, Hershel was pulling in front of the emergency room doors.

"Maggie, you can carry him?" Hershel asked his daughter.

"Y-yes daddy." She said and slipped out of the car, going around to Carl's door and unclipping his seatbelt.

"an walk." He slurred even as Maggie pulled his tiny frame out of the car and held him close to her chest, getting herself covered in blood as well.

"Shhh." She said, still crying and carried Carl into the doors.

There were people sitting in chairs, waiting for a doctor, but they were given first priority as a nurse immediately carted out a bed and had Maggie put Carl on it. Carl groaned slightly when he was jostled.

Carl's head rolled to the left side and he felt all the glass being pushed even further into his head, he let out one shrill scream before passing out from the pain.

Later on Thursday.

Carl came to slowly, his eyes opening and then closing a few times as he felt a hand squeeze his own. "Carl?" Negan's voice called softly and finally Carl's eyes opened all the way.

He tried to sit up to look at Negan but Maggie came to his side and helped him, stuffing pillows behind his back. He looked around the room, Maggie, Beth, Hershel, and Negan sitting in a chair next to the bed and holding his hand.

"God my head hurts." He said and blinked his eyes a few more times. Negan softly stroked the back of his hand and Carl couldn't even stop to think about the fact that Beth and Hershel were also in the room and could see what was going on.

"It'll hurt for a while." Maggie said softly and brushed his hair out of his eyes.

"I guess that's what I get." He mumbled to himself.

Maggie's eyes filled with rage. "Carl Grimes, if you are for one minute going to try and convince me that this was a *skateboarding* accident!" She said crossly to him.

Negan raised his brows but said, "I'm with her."

Carl let out a sigh and rubbed his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, it wasn't a skateboarding accident." He admitted, not like he could have kept that up since Maggie found him on his front porch with a bag packed.

"Son, the doctor said there were glass fragments in your head. Do you want to tell us what happened?" Hershel asked softly from his spot at the end of the bed. His arm was around Beth who's eyes were puffy and red--Maggie's were too.

"It's no big deal." He said quietly. "When can I go home?" He asked, trying to deflect.

"Soon, but Carl you have to tell us, they wanted to call the police." Maggie told him and Carl winced, it would not have ended well if they called the police and he had to try and make up some lie that didn't involve his mom.

"Can you leave the room?" He asked Negan softly. "I just don't want you to know yet." He said and the man nodded, standing up and stroking the side of Carl's face softly with his thumb before walking out and leaning against the wall.

Hershel walked closer to the bed. "Maggie told me that was your alpha? Carl he didn't force you, did he?" Hershel asked.

Carl shook his head quickly, "no, and he's not my alpha... He's just important to me." He finally said. The old man thought for a moment before finally nodding and deciding that it couldn't be that big of a deal.

"Alright, now just tell us what happened. We won't tell anyone else." He promised. Carl nodded.

"I told my mom about how i'm going to visit my dad this weekend. She seemed really happy, like she was in a good mood... She wasn't. She uh, she cornered me and then broke a beer bottle over my head. She told me to clean it up and then drove off." He explained.

He could see Maggie's knuckles turning white as she gripped the edge of the hospital bed, Beth looked like she was about to start crying all over again.

"Thank you for telling us son. Negan said he would let you stay with him, is that what you want to do?" He asked.

"Yeah, I just need my bag from your car and then I'll go with him. I can't thank you guys enough for this, you probably saved my life." He admitted, Maggie leaned down and gave him a soft kiss on the forehead.

"Alright we're gonna head home. I do *not* want to see you at school tomorrow mister." She ordered and Carl nodded.

"Yeah, see you on Tuesday Mags." He promised. He gave Beth a hug and shared a long look with Hershel before they all left.

Negan came into the room afterward, said thank you to Hershel and actually gave Maggie a hug, before taking his seat next to Carl.

The doctor came in before they could talk, asked Carl a couple of questions and then told Carl he was good to go. Negan helped him out of the bed and they made their way outside and Beth jogged up to them with Carl's bag.

"Almost forgot." She said with a grin.

"Thanks Bethy." He said and gave the girl one more hug before finally making his way to Negan's car.

Once they were inside Negan didn't start the car for a minute. "Carl." He said, his voice not harsh, but not really soft either. "What happened?"

Carl pulled his knees up to his chin and shook his head. "I can't tell you... You'll try to I don't know... Stop it?" He thought out loud. The Greene's understood that Carl was the only one who could stop it, he'd yelled at them enough about how he didn't want his mom in jail that he knew they weren't going to say anything. Negan *would*, Carl knew that.

Negan just sighed and rested his hand softly on Carl's thigh. "I'm staying home from school tomorrow." Negan said softly.

Carl shook his head, "no, you're already taking time off for me." He said.

"I'm not going to leave you there alone all day. We'll spend the day together tomorrow, alright?"

Carl just nodded and let the soothing sounds of the car lull him to sleep. It was 11:30 at night and tomorrow was a big day.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, let me know any suggestions that you have for the story.

Chapter 5: We Used to Take Walks

Chapter Notes

Hey I'm back. Chapters might slow down a little after this just because this work isn't as popular as other ones I've written. I honestly can't figure out why though? Maybe it's just because there's so many archive warning on it?? Not sure, but I like this one so idk why it's so much less popular. Defo gonna finish it, just maybe not a chapter a day like I usually do.

NOTES:

- I really hate the pacing of this chapter, so just bare with it. If it seems kind of sparse it's because this was all supposed to happen in the last chapter but it got too long. :)

- I'm reformatting text messages by making them block quotes, I fixed each chapter so it's consistent.

- all my info about comas is from webmd so idk man

- CHECK THE END NOTE BC THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE BUT IT'S A SPOILER FOR THIS CHAPTER

- I'm also planning another walking dead fic, this one rick/negan that should be coming out soon, I'll drop a link when I release it.

- sorry Carl has a lot of soliloquy's this chapter haha.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

January 12th, 2017. A Friday.

"Please, *please* daddy." Carl begged, sitting on Negan's lap and trying to grind his hips down on the man. His hole was producing slick and he desperately wanted Negan inside of him.

"Oh fuck Carl, we can't you have a concussion." Negan said, but his eyes were full of lust, his cock was hard and straining against the sweat pants Carl was sitting on.

"You can take me softly. Please, I need it so bad." He moaned and finally Negan softly moved Carl so that he was underneath him.

It was about three in the afternoon, they'd been lazing around in bed basically all day and finally Carl had finally gotten bored of just making out. They needed to leave in about an hour because Negan wanted them to get there extra early so they wouldn't have to rush around.

"You're such a fucking slut for my cock baby." Negan moaned and pulled his sweatpants off. He lined up his cock against Carl's hole and slowly pressed himself in. Carl's eyes rolled to the back of his head at the stretch and he rolled his hips lightly.

Negan pulled all the way out slowly and then pushed back in.

Carl moaned loudly, "faster, please daddy."

Negan just ignored him and continued to set the slow pace. Carl's dick jumped with each new thrust and he scratched at Negan's back lightly with his nails. He could still remember Negan pounding into him with brutal force during his heat, this was better in some ways.

Feeling himself about to cum Carl grabbed one of Negan's hands and pressed it against his throat. Negan studied the kid under him for a moment before withdrawing his hand and using it instead to stroke Carl's face.

"Don't push it Carl." Negan warned.

Carl just winced and moved his hips so that they were meeting with each of Negan's thrusts. "Why?" He panted out as Negan sped up a little and Carl stroked his own cock quickly and harshly, using precum to slick it up.

"Because we have to talk about stuff like that." He said softly and thrust in a few more times before he was spilling into Carl's hole and biting down harshly on the boy's neck in a mock claim.

Carl hadn't let Negan knot him, and the man hadn't asked yet. Knotting didn't explicitly mean mating, but some Alphas couldn't control themselves after they knotted and it was hard to keep them from just claiming.

Negan pulled out and rolled onto his side, pulling Carl flush against him then glancing at the clock. "We should probably get dressed and I haven't even packed yet. Let's talk about it as we get dressed." He offered and stood up, pulling Carl with him.

Carl still had a headache, but thankfully nothing that major had happened to him. They'd been able to pull the glass out of his head with no need to shave his head, and the ones in his back had come out easily as well. He had three stitches on his temple where it had bled the worst, but other than that it was no big deal.

"There's nothing to talk about." Carl said childishly, slick and cum dripping down his legs as he headed to the bathroom to clean up.

Negan sighed and pulled a pair of jeans on, grabbing a small suitcase that he began to pack things into. "Carl, I'm not *mad* at you, it actually turned me on a lot, but you're not just a one night stand, I don't want to hurt you or do anything that you don't implicitly want." Negan explained as Carl came back out of the bathroom and pulled a pair of jeans on.

"Fine then, yeah, I liked to be choked I guess." Carl admitted smoothed his white *Led Zeppelin* shirt that he had borrowed not even a week ago. It looked a little ridiculous on but it was going to be night time on the plane so Carl wanted to dress comfortable. A cardigan went on over it and Carl took a seat on Negan's bed.

Negan looked him up and down and then bent forward for a kiss. "You're cute." He said softly and Carl blushed. "So, you liked to be choked, that's fine. That hot as hell actually. Anything else?" He asked.

Lucille jumped up on the bed next to Carl and laid down with her head in his lap. He carded his hands through her fur softly. "I guess I like to be uh... Spanked." He said softly and focused intently on his socks for a moment, embarrassed to be talking about this with Negan. He could ask for it easily during sex, but times like this were harder, he felt more exposed.

A hand rested softly on Carl's shoulder and he looked up at Negan. "Don't be so shy. I'm not going to judge you or anything, I'll do whatever you want." He said and pecked Carl's lips softly.

Negan zipped up his suitcase and then looked at Carl. "You ready to go kid?" He asked and Carl nodded, hopping up off the bed and sliding his Vans on.

"Hell yeah." Carl said enthusiastically.

He'd been ready to go all day, just waiting for Negan to tell him they could. Negan wrapped his arms around Carl's shoulder and grabbed both of their bags, Carl grabbed his skateboard.

"You don't need your skateboard." Negan commented.

Carl clutched it in his hand for a few moments before nodding and setting it down.

"Does it mean a lot to you?" Negan asked as they made their way down to the front door. Negan gave one last look around the house, and headed out the door with him. Lucille was going to be watched and fed by his neighbors.

"Yeah, my dad got it for me a long time ago." Carl explained. The underside of the board used to be a sheriff's hat, but it'd been worn off after years of riding it.

Negan squeezed his arm softly and they slid into the car.

The ride to the airport was relatively short, but the place was packed. It was the airport that serviced like the whole western suburbs of Atlanta so Carl stuck really close to Negan.

He'd gotten used to being in the hallways at school, but this was awful. People were brushing against his side and making Carl just with basically every movement. Negan kept him arm tightly around Carl's shoulders the entire time.

Carl was nervous when he had to go first into the TSA line and Negan was temporarily out of his sight, but nothing went wrong and then Negan was right behind him once again as they took their seats and simply waited.

Later on Friday.

Carl was sprawled unceremoniously in his own seat and Negan's. His legs were folded under him, the armrest was up and his head was in Negan's lap. He'd been awake since the pilot said that the plane was descending and Negan had his fingers softly carding through Carl's hair as he read a book. The man at the end of the aisle was doing something on his computer and ignoring them.

"Baby," Negan whispered, leaning down to his ear. "It's time to get up." He called softly and Carl nodded.

Negan helped him sit up as the plane finally touched the ground and Carl jumped at the feeling. "It's okay." He whispered again and the man on his computer looked over at them with a sneer on his face.

Carl immediately pulled himself out of Negan's grip and sat on his own side of the seat. He didn't want to attract any unwanted attention.

Negan rested his hand on Carl's thigh as everyone started to get off the plane. Negan made sure that Carl was never out of his sight as they walked through the airport and finally exited into the dull hot air of California.

A buzz vibrated in his pocket and Carl pulled his phone out.

-Message from Mom 11:52 PM

Carl. Are you ok?

Carl squeezed the phone impossibly tight in his hands and Negan glanced down at him after they hailed a cab. "Come on Carl." Negan urged Carl to get into the cab and then put their bags in the trunk.

"What's wrong?" Negan asked and Carl just shook his head. He typed out a quick reply to him mom.

-Message to Mom 11:55 PM

no

He ignored the message that came after that and simply leaned into Negan's embrace.

The taxi ride was long and Carl drifted in and out of sleep for the entire ride. He felt himself being pulled out of the taxi eventually, held up by Negan with one arm for a moment.

"Alright you gotta go down so I can get the bags baby boy." Negan said and Carl warily got down, rubbing at his eyes as Negan grabbed both of their bags in one arm and then wrapped his free arm securely around Carl's fatigued shoulders.

He could barely keep his eyes open as Negan led him into the hotel and checked in.

Carl pulled his phone out when they got in the elevator.

-Message to Michonne 12:59 AM

We are at the hotel, sorry it's late, just wanted to make sure we are still meeting in the morning?

There wasn't a response so Carl figured that she was asleep.

"You ready for bed baby boy?" He asked as they walked to their room.

Carl stood on his toes to whisper in Negan's ear: "I'm ready for your cock, daddy."

Negan straightened up at the words and unlocked the room, pushing Carl into it. "You can barely keep your eyes open."

"I dun need'ta be awake." Carl mumbled.

Negan dropped the bags on the floor and pushed Carl back until he fell onto the bed. "Does your head hurt?" He asked and Gave Carl a look that told him not to lie.

"Just a little, but I can handle it." He said and Negan cocked an eyebrow at him.

"Can you now?" He asked and unbuttoned Carl's pants, pulling them down and off along with his shoes and boxers. Carl moved to pull his shirt off and Negan stopped him. "Baby you're too tired."

"I'm not." Carl mumbled and collapsed back on the bed.

"Really? Because you *never* take your shirt off around me." Negan said softly and moved to pull his own shirt off. He pulled his pants off but left his boxers on and climbed on top of Carl, pressing kisses against the kid's long body.

"Maybe I just wanted to show you." Carl said.

Negan sat back and glanced at him curiously. "Really?" He asked. Carl shook his head.

"No, just want you to fuck me." Carl said and thrusts his hips up against Negan.

"How about something else?" Negan suggested and moved down Carl's body, pushing the shirt up a little to get to Carl's flush cock. Negan's mouth closed over it, taking basically the whole thing down to the root and swallowing.

Carl's body shuddered and he thrust up shallowly. Negan pushed his hips back against the bed so that Carl couldn't thrust anymore, but the teen didn't mind, this was the first time anyone had ever given him a blowjob and he wasn't going to last very long.

A few more moments of Negan's mouth around his cock and Carl was coming down it, not giving the man any warning.

Negan swallowed hungrily and then sat back, whipping his mouth and pulling Carl's shirt back down. "You didn't last very long baby boy." Negan whispered and came to rest next to Carl, holding him close against his bare chest.

"First time." Carl mumbled through a sleep drowsy voice.

Negan just held Carl closer. "I guess we never really talked about your sexual past." Negan mused and pulled the blanket up over them, Carl reached for his phone.

"Well, I'm experienced-just not with that." He said and checked to see if Michonne had responded to him.

-Message from Michonne 1:30 AM

it is late! :) how about meet me at the corner of 5th and Howard at 9:30? It's a little cafe.

Negan pressed his large hand right over Carl's heart. "Who you texting baby?" He asked and pressed soft kisses against the back of Carl's neck.

"My dad's girlfriend." Carl said and quickly typed out a response to her.

-Message to Michonne 1:32

sounds good, thanks.

Negan just peppered Carl's neck with kisses until they both finally fell asleep.

"Carl?" A tall woman asked, standing up from her seat in a booth against the wall when she saw the teenager and older man walk in.

Carl flickered his eyes over to her and let a smile cross his face, he was finally meeting the woman that his dad talked so much about. The woman that his dad actually cared about, and who actually cared about his dad. "Michonne." He greeted, walking over to meet her with Negan trailing closely behind.

Without prompting, Michonne pulled him into a deep hug. "It's good to finally meet you." She said and Carl nodded against her shoulder.

"Yeah, it really is." He breathed out.

They took a seat after that, Carl and Negan on one side with Michonne on the other. "Oh, this is Negan, he's kind of my alpha." Carl explained, his voice tapering out at the end with a blush on his face.

Michonne shook his hand over the table with a smile. "We're not bonded," Negan added when she shook his hand.

"I'm not making judgements." She said easily. "We can go visit your dad later today Carl. There's a lot of stuff that we have to go over with the Doctors about what's going to happen to him. He still has a breathing tube but they said that might go away soon, so don't be freaked out by that." She said with a kind smile on her face.

"Do they know when he's going to wake up?" Carl asked, he felt Negan's hand resting softly on his thigh and Carl took a deep breath at the sensation. Negan could calm him down, it was a mixture of alpha pheromones and just the mans general presence that made being around him easy.

Michonne shook her head. "No, their best guess is a few weeks." She explained.

Carl slumped in his seat. He supposed it wasn't the *worst* diagnosis, some people were in comas for years, but he wanted to talk to his dad. Even if Carl couldn't tell him what was happening with mom, he still just needed his dad to be there for him.

"Carl, I have some very important other information to tell you, but it's kind of heavy. If you'd like I can tell you later and we can go see your dad right now?" She offered.

He shook his head, he wanted everything out of the way before he went to see his dad. "No, I'm fine, what is it?" He asked.

Negan's hand squeezed tighter around Carl's leg and Carl put his hand over Negan's inconspicuously.

Michonne took a sip of her coffee before speaking. "We were planning, your father and I, to get married. I understand that he's still married to your mom, and we were going to get the paperwork started, but then he had his accident."

"Wait really? Dad like asked you, a real wedding?" He asked, realizing that the question sounded dumb, but it was just how the words tumbled out of his mouth.

She let out a small laugh. "Yes, he asked me, and yes it's a real wedding." She explained.

"That's awesome! I mean, dad and mom haven't really gotten along for years and he seems so happy when he talks about you..." Carl trailed off with a grin on his face. The only thing he wanted in this world was for his dad to be happy. Seriously, above his own discomforts and runins with his mom, Carl just wanted his dad to be happy.

Michonne reached across the table to hold Carl's free hand softly between her own. "Thank you Carl, it means a lot that we would have your blessing." She expressed and squeezed his hands before pulling her back. "That's not all though, we were planning on moving to King County over the summer. Your dad says the sheriff is retiring in the fall and he would be a shoe-in for the job. I could easily work from Atlanta. So you'd have the option to stay with us." She offered. He could see something in her eyes that told Carl she *knew*.

There were stitches on his face and he brought his fingers up to ghost over them lightly. It felt like everyone in the world knew except for his dad-and maybe his dad did know. Maybe Carl hadn't done a good enough job. Or maybe Michonne had figured it out on her own, stories his dad had told her, coupled with his beat up face.

"That would be sweet!" He finally said, mustering up some of his earlier enthusiasm. "I've wanted to live with dad for a long time." He said quietly. Negan put an arm around Carl's shoulders and Michonne gave them a soft smile.

"Alright, now for the biggest piece of news, your dad didn't want to tell you until we moved out there, but I think you deserve to know, and he's not around to veto my decision. I'll let you know this wasn't planned, but it happened and Rick and I are both accepting of it. I'm pregnant, about three months now, and I'm due in May or June."

Carl felt all of the blood drain from his body and his stomach suddenly flipped violently. Carl covered his hand with his mouth and Negan let him out quickly. Carl didn't even stop to look at Michonne before was making his way to the bathroom with Negan following close behind.

"You okay kid?" Negan asked as they entered the bathroom, Carl pushed open one of the stall doors and collapsed in front of the toilet, trying to hold his hair back as he retched harshly into it.

Negan came to kneel behind Carl, pulling his shoulder length hair back and holding it softly as he stroked Carl's back. "It's alright." Negan coaxed as Carl through up again, and then again, and again, until the only thing that was coming out was bile. Still Carl's stomach continued to convulse until Negan almost thought they were going to have to go to Urgent Care or something.

Finally, Carl sat back on his heels and wiped his face with some toilet paper, flushing everything down and standing up with Negan's help. Negan held Carl tightly against his chest for a moment before leading him over to the sink so he could wash his face. Negan fished a piece of gum out of the pocket of his leather jacket and handed it to the still slightly shaking kid.

"You gonna tell me what that was about?" He asked, pressing a kiss against Carl's head.

Carl gripped the edges of the sink and screwed his eyes shut for a moment. *I'm not going to cry.* He told himself over and over, and it actually worked, he didn't end up crying.

"There's a lot I have to tell you." Carl whispered. "And I will tell you, because you're not just some random guy I'm fucking. I've never felt this way around an alpha before and I want you to be mine, and for that to happen you need to know everything. Today, I'll tell you today." Carl promised.

Negan pressed a kiss against his cheek. "You don't have to tell me anything if you're not ready."

"I know," Carl said. "But I'm ready."

They walked back out of the bathrooms to see that their booth was cleared and Michonne was standing outside talking on her cellphone. She looked powerful in her fitted business dress, she was absolutely built and Carl figured she could kill him with a look, but there was something he liked about Michonne. She was able to make him feel loved, which was something his mom hadn't done in a long time.

However, he would need to make amends for how rude he had been. So they walked outside just as Michonne slipped her phone into her purse.

"Hey, Michonne, I'm sorry. Uh, I get queasy for like no reason." He apologized, he couldn't bring himself to say it: *congratulations*, or anything along those lines, he *couldn't*.

"Oh hon it's okay! I just got a call and I guess one of my clients did something real stupid, so I gotta jet. I'll text you where your dad's hospital is later. I've got lunch and dinner meetings so

I don't know when we can get together again, I'll let you know." She said and pulled him into a tight hug.

Carl hugged her back for a long while, and when they finally parted they weren't strangers who had just met an hour ago anymore. Michonne was important to him.

"Alright, see ya Carl, Negan!" She said before walking away towards her car. He felt his pocket buzz a moment later.

-Message from Michonne 10:15 AM

pops is in Grady Memorial, just look it up. Hope you feel better!

It didn't take long to hail a cab and get to the hospital, Negan kept a protective arm around him for the drive.

"So is that going to happen again or was it triggered?" He asked, Carl leaned into his side and closed his eyes lightly.

"It won't happen again, I promise. It was like a panic attack." Carl explained. Negan didn't say anything else, just kept Carl pulled close against him.

The hospital personnel directed them towards the room his dad was in and Carl had to suck in a deep breath before he entered.

"It's all gonna be okay baby boy." Negan whispered into his ear, and with new confidence Carl walked in.

His dad was laying on the hospital bed and looked pale, his usual sunkissed skin was gray and lackluster. His body looked fragile on the bed and Carl felt tears welling up in his eyes.

Carl took a seat in the chair next to the bed and pulled his dad's hand into his own, reminiscent of how Negan held his hand just the other day.

"Could I uh, have a moment?" Carl asked and Negan nodded.

"I'll be right outside." He promised.

Carl just stared at his dad for a long time. His strong, brave father was reduced to just a limp body on a bed. If not for the steady rise and fall of his chest, Carl would have thought he was dead.

He moved to rest his hand over his dad's heart, feeling the labored *thump, thump, thump* drum against his hand.

"Hey dad." Carl greeted, Rick didn't do anything in response, no sign that he was hearing or interpreting that Carl was in the room now instead of just some doctor or Michonne. "It's Carl." He added, but nothing.

"I uh, I flew out here, Michonne gave me the money. She's really cool dad, I like her. I think she'll be good for you." Carl explained. He felt dumb, speaking to his comatose father, but the words were flowing so easily to his lips that he couldn't find it in himself to stop. "I met someone. He's really awesome, he's kind of older than me but he makes me feel so much better. I think you'll like him, if only just because of how much I do. His name's Negan Morgan, I have some kind of funny stories that I wish I could tell you about when you woke up, but I can't because I was drunk during them.

"I have a lot of things that I need to tell you when you wake up. Things that I've put off for a long time because I thought they would hurt you. I wasn't planing on ever telling you, but I learned just earlier today that sometimes when people are left in the dark in can hurt them even more. I had another panic attack about the baby, about my little sister. The one's I used to have with all the throwing up and stuff. Negan didn't even know what was going on, one second I was fine, the other I was throwing up. But he held my hair and rubbed my back, so I thought it was fine. There was something else though, something in his eyes, a tone to his voice that let me know he was worried. He was more worried because he didn't know how to help me.

"There's something really awful happening to me dad. Mom's hitting me. She almost killed me this time. She hit me over the head with a beer bottle. I think I'm going to see if Negan can let me live with him for a while. I'll still go check up on mom to make sure she's okay, but I can't dad, I can't live with her all the time. She *smiled* at me, asked me if I would make her some food, and then just flipped like a light switch. Everything's getting so fucking hard with her. I don't know what to do. No, no, scratch that. I do know what to do, I need to think of myself for once in my fucking life and leave.

"This stuff is kind of heavy though, I don't just want to talk about how shitty things with mom are. I uh, I wanted to encourage you to wake up, you know? I read somewhere that coma patients have a better chance of waking early if they know that their loved ones are with them. I don't know if that's true, but I thought I had to give it a shot. So I'm here, and I'll be leaving soon, but you'll follow right after me. Then we can live together for my last year of highschool, you, me, Michonne, and the baby. I really need you to wake up.

"We used to take walks when I was three. I can just barely remember them, you probably think I don't, but I do. We would walk around the farms on the outskirts of town. Remember, one time we walked all the way to Hershel's farm? Well, I remember. And you need to be here so that we can take those walks with the new baby. I don't care if I'm off in college, or on the moon, or whatever, I'll come back. I'll be there, because we get another shot at this, and we're going to do everything right. So you have to wake up dad, you have to. Not just for me, but for Michonne, and the baby."

Carl stood up, squeezed his dad's hand one more time, and walked out of the room.

"Let's go back to the hotel." Carl said, urging Negan along.

"Are you sure kid, we've only been here like a half and hour?" Negan questioned.

"Yeah. I'll spend all day with him tomorrow, but this is what I needed for today."

"You still hungry? Want me to order us food?" Negan asked as they walked into the hotel room.

Carl stretched his arms above his head and laid down on the bed. "Naw, I'm not hungry, kind of in the mood for a nap." He said, pulling the pillow down so they were exactly where he wanted.

Negan stripped out of his leather jacket and pulled off his boots before joining Carl on the bed, he tried to pull the kid close, but Carl got away.

"Before I take a nap, uh, there's some stuff I have to tell you." He said softly, sitting up on the bed.

"Baby, you don't have to tell me anything, remember." Negan chided and pulled himself up so he was sitting level with Carl.

"No, it's important. I've thought for so long that if I keep this bottled up it will just go away. That if I tell as few people as possible, i'll hurt as few people as possible, but you taught me that's not true. So I need to tell you everything, please don't interrupt me, just listen. Don't do anything crazy, I still want to deal with this how I want to deal with it, I just want you to know so that you aren't in the dark anymore." Carl explained.

Negan nodded solemnly and intertwined his hand with Carl's.

"When I was twelve, I had a baby sister. She was awesome, really the thing that my parents needed to stay together. Their marriage had been strained a few years before when my mom cheated on my dad with some prick named Shane, but that's a completely different story. Anyway, she was perfect. Until I got sick. She'd been born premature and if she'd had just a couple more weeks without anything serious happening then she probably would have been fine, but I got *really* sick, and before we knew it, it had spread to her. It was days after that she died.

"We tried to keep kind of quiet about it as a family, but we all made bad decisions around that time. I can't blame what happened to my family on a single person. My dad took the job here, a *month* after she died. My mom started drinking the *day* she died. And I had a gradual fall into the wrong crowd. Well, not the wrong crowd, still just Glenn and Maggie, but we started smoking a lot of pot, like a crazy amount for thirteen year olds. Somehow, I was the first one who realized that what I was doing was wrong, that I needed to actually deal with the loss instead of just dazing myself out of thinking about it. I'd say maybe five months later I quit smoking completely, Maggie and Glenn basically quit with me.

"I realize now that my mom was the next one to snap out of it, but once she did, she went right back in. Dad, I don't think he got over it until he met Michonne. I mean, I could never *really* tell, but it's kind of like a brain injury, it can take years for someone to act normal again, if they ever do, and recently my dad's been acting like my dad again. That's really all the role that he plays in this story, I don't condemn my dad for anything, for failing to notice something was up, for *anything*. But like I said, my mom had started drinking. Maybe just an extra glass of wine every night, and after a few months she realized that she'd developed a drinking problem and tried to stop, it didn't work.

"She went completely cold turkey, stopped completely, and then started even worse than before. She was drunk all the time now, and it started with small things. She told me that I had killed my baby sister, that it was completely my fault she was dead. And my mom's right, it's *partly* to do with me, but I live with the fact that I didn't think to wear a mask, to simply tell me parents to keep her away from me. My mom doesn't live with the fact that she barely even noticed I was sick. The verbal abuse moved to her throwing things at me-never anything big, maybe just like a book or something. Her abuse reached a climax two years ago on my fifteenth birthday.

"She'd been in a bad mood the entire day, drinking more than usual. I finally realized that it was because she was *jealous*, jealous that her son had gotten another year old and her baby hadn't. I wasn't going to deal with her that day. I'd been complacent in the abuse until then, but it was me *fucking birthday*, and all I wanted to do was go watch movies with Glenn and Maggie. Let the Greene's throw me a party. But she didn't want me to leave, so I didn't, but I mouthed off to her. We used to ride horses in the summer, so she had a riding crop in storage. I didn't realize that's what she had in her hand until it was too late. I was physically weaker than her, I couldn't stop her from doing it.

"The whipping wasn't as bad as it could have been because she didn't know how to do it. Hershel patched me up, and she seemed to get better after that. She would still throw things at me, hit me, kick me, but nothing lasting. Not like what she did on Thursday. She's getting worse again and I don't know what to do. I don't think she cares about me any more, I think she would kill me."

Carl finally finished speaking and stared up into Negan's eyes for a long time. He saw fire, and intense hatred, but the man seemed to calm himself down before he spoke. "Carl," he started softly, pausing to suck in a breath and squeeze his eyes shut. "I would like you too..." Negan was scrambling for words, trying to figure out how to phrase his thoughts so that it wouldn't hurt Carl. "Would you consider staying with me for a while?" He finally asked.

Carl felt tears welling up in his eyes and nodded. "Yeah, yeah absolutely."

He fell into his nap, feeling more love coming from the strong arms wrapped around him, than he'd felt in a long time.

Chapter End Notes

I mentioned in chapter one that Lori had a baby who died named Judith, but I am changing the first chapter so that the baby's name is not mentioned. Uh, you can probably guess why, but you'll see. (So the baby who died was NOT Judith).

Chapter 6: Call the Police

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait on this chapter! Just as a heads up, this story is going to get a whole lot worse before it gets better. It is nearing its like sadness climax (lol) within the next few chapters, then just a few ups and downs.

NOTES:

- This is no rape in this story, seems like it might happen but it doesn't!
- also I've realized that Negan is a little out of character, I'm going to try and fix that!
- also I brought the governor back this chapter bc I'm evil to Carl.
- this chapter is a little short too because I omitted something from my plans and it got kinda weird... Anyway it's still good I think.

January 15th, 2017. A Monday.

"So, what are we like, going steady now?" Carl asked, sprawled out on Negan's bed. It was late in the evening and they were both getting ready to go to bed. Their plane had just gotten in from California and they were pretty tired.

Negan let out a soft chuckle and reached over to rest a hand softly on Carl's chest. They were laying side by side, Negan reading a book. Carl reached up both of his hands to grip loosely at Negan's fingers. "Yeah sure kid." He said softly. "But Carl, you can't tell anyone. I would get fired, we wouldn't be able to see each other anymore." Negan warned.

Carl knew that could all be remedied if they were mated. It was illegal to separate a mated pair-even in cases of rape. However, Carl wasn't sure if he was ready to be mated yet, and he wasn't sure if Negan was ready to mate him. They honestly hadn't known each other for that long, they hadn't even been on a real date or anything. Carl needed more time. "Yeah, of course I won't. The only people who know are the Greene's, Michonne, and uh senior named Rosita." He said Rosita's name kind of quietly because Carl realized Negan didn't know that she knew, he hadn't talked about her.

He let out a deep breath and squeezed one of Carl's small hands in his. "Just, please, no one else without us discussing it." He said softly.

"I won't. I don't want this to end." Carl squeezed Negan's hand back.

They hadn't gotten a chance to see Michonne again, but Carl had sent her a text saying the he was excited to have a little sibling, it had been at Negan's urging, and Carl still couldn't decide if the words were true.

He heard a buzzing on the side table and reached for his phone.

-Message from Glenn 11:30 PM

party this weekend. it's at Dwights place Friday night.

-Message to Glenn 11:30 PM

Dwight's house?

"Who are you texting?" Negan asked, raising an eyebrow and looking over curiously.

"Glenn." Carl responded, scooting closer to Negan so that their bodies were touching as they lay in bed. Negan liked to read before bed, Carl preferred to dick around on his phone, which Negan didn't usually seem to mind. However this was their first night together as officially living together.

-Message from Glenn 11:31

yeah idk man, he seemed cool about it today, said that Simon wouldn't be there. Here's Dwight's number: 608-xxx-xxx

-Message to Glenn 11:32

i'll think about it

-Message from Glenn 11:32

:)

"Do you have to stop by your house for you stuff?" Negan asked, wrapping his arm around Carl's shoulders and pulling him in even closer. He held his book with one hand and Carl could tell he wasn't really reading.

Carl tweaked his lips to the side, he hadn't thought about that. "Yeah I guess. I'll swing by tomorrow after school."

"You don't have to go alone, I can go with you." Negan offered.

Carl seriously thought about it for a moment, but decided against it. For one, his mom was usually out or asleep at three in the afternoon, and two, he actually wanted the chance to talk to her if she wasn't drunk. He would stand near an exit, not trust any move she makes, it wouldn't be easy, but he could get out of there without a scratch. "No, I can handle it."

"I really don't think you should be alone with her." Negan countered.

Carl wanted to drop the subject so he leaned up to press a kiss against the side of Negan's mouth. "Let's just drop it." He whispered.

Negan seemed worried still but he finally nodded. "Alright, but call me immediately if you need anything, and I'll be there."

Swinging his leg over Negan's slim hips, Carl straddled the man and pushed his book closed.

"I didn't mark my fucking spot." Negan complained.

"Should of thought of that before you decided to look all hot next to me." Carl said with a shrug and tossed it to the side.

"Do you have an unending sex drive? I thought I'd finally dried you out." He bit back but Carl just rolled his eyes and pulled Negan's shirt over his head. Negan lifted his arms to help with it.

Carl immediately kissed at Negan's hard stomach. It wasn't exactly a six pack but there definitely wasn't any fat on him. Negan let out a soft moan and pushed his hips up into Carl's.

He slid down Negan's body until he was resting over the mans covered cock, straining against the material of his boxers.

Before pulling out Negan's cock though, Carl sat still for a few moments, contemplating. He reached his hands down to the hem of his own shirt after a long while of thinking and then abruptly pulled it over his head.

Negan still hadn't seen what he looked like, and while he would mostly just see Carl's unblemished chest, he was sure he could catch glimpses of his back.

"You sure baby?" Negan crooned and Carl nodded, tossing his shirt to the side.

"I don't have anything to hide from you."

With that, Carl pulled Negan's boxers down under his cock and in one bob of his head he had the entire thing in his mouth.

"Holy *fuck* baby boy. Daddy did not know you could do *that*." He exclaimed and Carl smirked around his cock, humming happily and each vibration sent new sparks through Negan.

Carl started to bob his head up and down experimentally, as if he hadn't done this for a while. It had been a couple of months since Carl had given somebody head, but he knew he was good at it.

He pulled off for just a second, "I can take it rough." He said huskily to Negan and before Carl could actually get his head back down, Negan was gripping his hair and pushing him down.

Negan pushed Carl's head down and thrust his hips up at the same time, forcing Carl to deep throat with almost every single thrust. Negan could feel himself starting to come to the edge and with a few more thrusts he would be there.

Negan didn't give Carl any warning before cumming harshly down his throat. Carl choked for just a moment before swallowing as much as he could as Negan pulled his head off.

The last few spurts of cum hit Carl square on the cheek and Carl just smirked, crawling back up Negan's body to straddle him once more.

"Wanna taste yourself on my tongue daddy?" Carl asked cheekily.

Truthfully, Negan didn't really, but Carl phrased it so sexily that he had to pull the boy into a fierce kiss.

Finally pulling away Carl sat back on Negan's stomach and simply stared down at him for a moment. "I'm going to go wash my face." He finally said, getting up and off of Negan, walking towards the bathroom with just the faint light of a lamp guiding him.

"I'll help you." Negan said, standing up and following Carl into the bathroom.

Once the fluorescent lights were turned on Negan could see Carl's back in grave detail.

There were silvery long scars running up and down it, all of them twinkling in the lights and forming patterns on his skin. No two of them were the same, some were long, some were short.

Negan hated them, he hated what they represented, hated what they would always remind Carl of. But he loved the boy standing in front of him, and just like the rest of Carl, they were beautiful. They didn't detract from his little omega's body, they just added another dimension to him.

Negan was suddenly aware that Carl was standing straight as a board with his hands braced on the counter, not moving to wipe the cum off of his cheek.

"They're ugly, aren't they?" Carl asked softly, finally reaching for a rag and getting it wet.

"No. Nothing about you could ever be ugly." He answered truthfully and took another step forward to stand directly behind Carl, pulling his back against his chest and holding onto him tight.

"Thank you." Carl whispered softly into the air.

January 16th, 2017. A Tuesday.

"Do you want a ride home Carl? Glenn and I are headed that way." Maggie offered.

He turned his board over in his hands for a moment and then nodded. "Yeah, that sounds good!"

The three of them piled into Glenn's tiny car, Carl sitting in the front and Maggie in the back.

"So what's up with Dwight?" Carl finally asked.

Glenn shrugged. "I really couldn't say. He was being so weird on Monday, but I mean he said Simon wouldn't be there so I don't really have a reason to say no." Glenn finally said.

"He bullied you for *years!*" Maggie interjected from the backseat, he'd figured throughout the day that she was not a fan of the party.

"Yeah but it kind of sounds like he wants to change. Anyway, he told me to invite the usual, he has a shit ton of hard liquor so we're thinking mixed drinks, maybe some beer pong for fun."

Carl thought about it for a moment, leaning his head against the window as Glenn traversed traffic. "I guess I'll come, I mean we can always just jet out of there if we need."

Maggie looked unhappy in the backseat and Glenn looked as happy-go-lucky as always.

They finally rolled up to the house, the car wasn't in sight but Carl was still a little apprehensive.

"Yo, see you tomorrow dude." Glenn said cheerfully.

Maggie reached her hand up from the backseat to rest softly on his shoulder for a moment, reminding him of how she held him when they'd been taking him to the hospital. He shivered slightly, but didn't say anything.

"Yeah, see ya." He said and slid out of the car, Maggie climbed to the front as Carl made his way to the front porch.

He could hear quiet voices inside from where he was standing and realized that his mom definitely was home. There was a back alleyway that cars could park in, but Carl had never seen his mom park there. Maybe the car was stolen.

Pushing the door open, Carl peeked his head inside first, there was light filtering from the kitchen and the sound of his mom and some guy. Carl was able to slip upstairs undetected.

He grabbed his largest duffel bag and absolutely filled it with everything he might need. It was mainly just clothes, but he threw a small, framed picture of his dad in there too.

Carl didn't really own a lot, which was good, since he would be skating with the bag and couldn't carry too much weight for fear of toppling over.

He tried his hardest to make it down the stairs as well undetected but his mom called out his name from the kitchen and with heavy shoulders, he walked over to her.

"Hey mom, what's up?" He asked timidly.

He froze in his tracks when he got into the kitchen though. She wasn't with just any man of the week, *Phillip Blake* was standing in his kitchen.

The same man that had accosted him outside of the gas station when he was with Negan the first night.

Carl stared at him wide eyes for a moment. He could tell that Phillip recognized him, and Carl just wanted to get out of there.

"I wanted to introduce you to Phillip! He's going to move in so don't give him any troubles, okay sweetie?" She asked sweetly and Carl felt himself get faint.

"Oh, uh. I was actually meaning to tell you, I'm going to be staying with Maggie for the week." He lied quickly.

Lori's face twitched a bit but she regained her composure. "Okay." She said, tense. "Don't get into any trouble." She warned playfully, sharing a small laugh with Phillip.

Phillip held out his hand to Carl.

Every cell in him told him not to shake that hand, but Carl didn't want to make his mom even more mad, so he reached out and clasped his hand with Phillip's. "I'm Carl."

"Phillip Blake, nice to meet you." The man added a wink that made Carl feel sick to his stomach.

"You know honey he's running for governor in the next election! A politician." She said with a content smile on her face.

Carl swallowed through the lump in his throat. "Oh wow, cool. I'll see you later mom, Phillip." He said briefly before turning on his heel and getting the hell outta dodge.

Deep breathing, Carl stood on the sidewalk outside of his house.

There were some men in this world that just physically made Carl's skin crawl. As an omega he had a very good sense of good people and bad people, and Phillip made him nauseous.

A horn honked a little ways down the road and Carl looked down to see Negan's usual *1967 Chevy Impala* idling in front of his neighbors house.

Immediately, Carl's spirits were lifted and he slid into the car.

"Hey, I told you I didn't need a ride." Carl complained.

Negan rested his hand on the boy's thigh as he put the car into motion. "And I was pretty sure you would need one." Negan countered. "How was your mom?" He asked.

Carl took a split second to decide what he was going to tell Negan. On one hand he had just told the man last night that he had "*Nothing to hide*," but on the other hand he didn't want Negan to worry.

"She wasn't home."

January 19th, 2017. A Friday.

"You *really* want to go to this party?" Negan asked for the hundredth time, even as he was driving Carl there.

"I told you, I promise I won't drink-much, and I'll be safe. Maggie and Glenn are there." He reasoned.

"Well you also told me that Paul, Tara, and Sasha were going to be there, so I don't know how much I trust this party." He said, but Carl could tell he was joking. They were all good kids, Negan wouldn't have a reason to doubt them. "Dwight though? I've heard about him kiddo, not good things."

"I know, I know, it took a lot of convincing to get me on board with the party, but I really don't think that he's going to pull anything tonight." Carl promised.

Negan pursed his lips and squeezed Carl's thigh. "Just remember, you wanna come home I'll get you. I don't want you in anyone's car if they're drunk." He warned and gave Carl a sharp look.

"Hey, I had no qualms with calling you at the last party." He joked and that put Negan at ease.

At his core, Carl could tell that Negan just cared for him immensely, even if it kind of made him act more like a mother than a boyfriend.

"Alright, we're here. Remember, don't get into any trouble. I don't think I can handle visiting you in the hospital again."

Carl leaned over and pecked Negan on the cheek. "I'll be safe, I don't think I can handle another trip to the hospital."

With one last smile, Carl exited the car.

The house was silent from the sidewalk but as he got closer he could hear noises coming from inside. He was about two hours late, but party's like this didn't really have a hard deadline so Carl didn't feel to weird.

-Message from Jesus 10:58 PM

where r u? we need our beer pong master!

-Message from Tara 10:59 PM

waiting on tony hawk to make the party better.

-Message from Rosita 10:59 PM

If your ass isn't at this party I'm leaving.

-Message from Gabriel 11:00 PM

We need the devil's trio to make this party lit, get your ass here.

Carl had received about a dozen texts on his way to the party, which oddly inflated his ego. People wanted him to be there, he was important, he made parties better. There was no way

anyone could take that from him.

Upon entering the house a cheer of his name went up and Aaron handed him a shot. "Dude it's whiskey, vodka, and rum, try it!" He urged.

"Does it taste good?" Carl asked apprehensively.

"Fuck no." Aaron said with a grin before going off back to a table where Glenn seemed to be masterfully mixing drinks. Carl downed the shot with a shudder but felt at home in the party atmosphere.

This was his scene, this was where he felt safe, and his mom had never been able to take this away from him.

"Carl!" Rosita yelled over the people talking and the three games of beer pong all going at once. Jesus apparently really needed Carl's help because he was currently trying to chug five cups of beer after Tara had scored a nice throw on him.

"Yo, what's up Rosita!" He yelled back, finally quieting down as they got closer to each other.

"I haven't seen you recently man, how you been?" She asked, pulling them aside to a corner and handing Carl a red solo cup.

"I'm good, what's in the cup?" He asked, not trusting random cups full of blue-ish mirky liquid.

"It's *Kool-Aid* made with vodka and water, Glenn made it. Not as good as it sounds." She warned.

"Well it sounds awful." He said sourly but took a sip and realized it wasn't actually terrible, kind of tasted like the color blue. "Hey I got some news about Negan, now isn't really the time, wanna get lunch tomorrow or something?" He asked.

"*Tomorrow?*" She scoffed. "You'll be lucky if I'm even alive tomorrow. How about Sunday?"

"Sunday sounds good." Carl said with a chuckle before being pulled away by Maggie.

He quickly finished the rest of what was in his cup and was going to reach for another one, but Maggie stopped his hand.

"Wait a little while, those things are strong." She warned and Carl rolled his eyes but agreed. He was definitely starting to feel it. "Wanna play a round?" She asked, motioning to the empty beer pong table.

"Oh hell yeah, you're going down Greene." He taunted and she just gave him a smirk before grabbing three beers to fill up her twelve cups and Carl did the same.

"What's up Mags? You never wanna play pong!" he exclaimed as she threw the first ball, missing spectacularly, Carl sunk his so he started the game.

She shrugged her shoulders. "It's kind of secluded over here and I wanted to talk to you."

Carl took his two shots, nailing each one in different cups, prompting Maggie to drink both of them. "Talk about what?" He asked, as she washed the balls off in the water cup.

She took a shot, surprisingly sinking one before completely missing the other. "Negan." Was all she started with as Carl took a long sip, setting the cup to the side and taking his turn.

He sunk both of the balls in the same cup, but it was only touching two others so Maggie only had to drink three. "What about him?"

"Are you living with him now?" She asked, taking her shot.

"Yeah, basically full time now." He responded and took his own shot.

"Did you guys mate?" She questioned and gave him a look. It wasn't her best *mom look* though because she was getting tipsy.

"No, not yet. Not even you and Glenn are mated yet." He retorted. He knew that they weren't doing it because Hershel didn't want them too.

Maggie just shrugged her shoulders as Carl won the game. "I'm just wondering if he's treating you right." Was all she said before Glenn called her name and she turned away.

Carl took a seat on the couch next to Sasha who was talking to Enid and Sophia. Aaron and Eric were on the other couch unashamedly making out with one another.

"Hey, way to join the club." Noah said, taking a seat on the arm rest of the couch.

Carl looked up at him with a tweaked eyebrow.

"You have your stitches, I have my limp. The unhideable injury club as I like to call it." He said with a small smile.

Carl chuckled at him. "You still hanging out with Mrs. Monroe's husband?" He asked Noah. They didn't talk a lot because they were in different grades, but Noah didn't really drink a lot so he quickly became the most level headed person among them.

"Oh yeah, and it's not really hanging out, more just him telling me technical architectural things and expecting me to understand them." He joked.

Carl felt a buzzing in his pocket. "One sec man, I gotta check this."

-Message from Mom 11:48 PM

Carl I need your help. Please. I hurt myself.

Carl was up off of the couch in an instant. "I'm sorry man, I gotta go. Hey did you bring your car?" He asked.

Noah shook his head. "Naw, sorry. I think Dwight's sober if you need a ride." He added helpfully.

"Hey thanks Noah, we'll talk more some other time." Carl promised before seeking Dwight out. He was standing by one of the beer pong tables, watching a game intently. His face wasn't flushed and he wasn't holding a cup so Carl believed that he wasn't drunk.

"Dwight!" Carl got his attention and Dwight raised an eyebrow at him.

"What's up Carl?" He asked, turning away from the game.

"Hey this is kind of shitty of me but I just got a text from my mom and I really need a ride home." He explained.

Dwight pulled his keys out of his pocket and swung them around his finger. "That's what I'm here for." He said with a chuckle, Carl cracked a smile as well.

He slipped into Dwight's tall range rover as the man started it. Carl gave him the address and they were off. Some night he could ignore things like this, but she hadn't seemed that bad that other day so Carl was legitimately worried.

"Hey, I know things haven't been great between us recently but I just wanted to say that you seem cool, man, and I've kind of stopped hanging out with Simon." Dwight explained.

"Oh yeah? Why the sudden change of heart?" He asked.

"Well, as dumb as this sounds I just got a girlfriend who's an omega and I realized what huge fucking dicks Simon and I have been recently." He said.

Carl gave him a side eye and tweaked his lips to the side. "Well this party's cool man and it's rad that you're giving me a ride, so that's a start." He responded, flashing him a smile.

"What happened to your head, if it's okay that I ask?" Dwight said.

"Beer bottle." Was all Carl offered up, not explaining who did it, why it happened, or any of the details.

Dwight just nodded. "Yeah, I know who that is. Most people know the story of my dad basically burning my face off a couple years ago." Dwight responded. It was true, *everyone* knew that story and Dwight had a pretty fucked up face to match.

"I never said my mom did it." He responded tersely.

"I said dad." Dwight said and gave Carl a look. "Takes one to know one."

"I guess you're right." Carl said softly.

"So why exactly are you going home?" Dwight questioned and cast him a look. It was a concerned look, the same look that everyone loved to give him when they thought he was making a shitty decision.

"My mom needs help. I'm not her." Is all he offered up. She wouldn't help him if he needed it, but he *wasn't* her. He would help her. He typed out a quick text to Negan.

-Message to Negan 3 12:14 AM

hey my mom needs my help? Don't know why yet, Dwight is giving me a ride. I'll keep you updated.

"That's a good way of looking at it. I don't think I would help my dad if he was dying and all I had to do was push a button to save him. Not my problem though because he's in jail for a long time." Dwight explained.

Carl leaned back in the seat. "I remember all of that happening. Your mom is really nice though, has she found someone new?" Carl asked. Dwight's mom had been the typical PTA mom when they were in elementary school together, she'd baked Carl a lot of cookies.

"Oh yeah, she got married last summer. I got a baby sister on the way. Things are going good."

Even this short talk with Dwight was making Carl realize that things would happen after his mom. Dwight's life had gone on after his dad was locked up, his life would go on if his mom was. Dwight seemed to be doing a lot better too...

-Message from Negan 3 12:18 AM

Carl, I don't like this. Please call the police before you call me or the Greene's if you are in trouble. If she hurts you, I will hunt her down. I am not exaggerating. This is not smart, please to not go.

-Message to Negan 3 12:19 AM

I can't leave her if I think she needs help. I will be okay xoxo

-Message from Negan 3 12:20 AM

Be safe, idiot. xoxo.

"This the place?" Dwight asked, rolling to a stop outside of Carl's house.

"Yeah, thanks so much." Carl said, sliding out of the car.

"Yo Carl, be safe man, call the police if you need help." He warned.

The words from Dwight and Negan weighed on Carl as he walked into the house. He *couldn't* call the cops on his mom, but if he called Negan then he would call the police. If *anything* went wrong tonight the police were going to find out. Carl swallowed a lump of nervous energy down his throat.

"Mom?" He called and walked further into the house. He couldn't find her downstairs so he climbed up to the second floor. "Mom you here?" He pushed open the door to her bedroom

and saw her sleeping soundly on the bed. "Wow, you really needed help." He said with a sigh.

He turned around and pushed the door open to his bedroom, walking in and flopping himself onto the couch.

"Hey Carl." He heard a voice call from the shadows in his room. A voice that made him sick to his stomach.

"Phillip." Carl whispered and sat up but the man was pushing him back down on the bed.

"Carl I need your help. Please. I hurt myself." Phillip mocked his moms voice and pinned his arms on the bed.

"Oh come on man, you don't need to do this for real. Let me go, you can fuck me another time, just not right now please!" Carl begged the man, knowing exactly what this was.

"That's just the thing Carl, I want you now."

Chapter 7: I Wish She Had Hit Me Harder

Chapter Notes

I started naming my chapters so they're all named now, not that important but whatever. Uh, so this chapter... You'll see.

Please check the end notes for trigger warnings. I don't want to give anything away, however, I don't want anyone to get triggered by events in this chapter. I leave it to your discretion whether or not you choose to read them. With that being said, I don't want any negative reviews of this chapter about things that could have been cleared up if the end note had just been read.

-Thanks,
Cessa.

NOTES:

-we are assuming that lori, once again, is not actually strong enough to kill carl with one hit (even with a weapon) so this may be some iffy medical work, but i tried my best to figure out what would actually happen if you were hit with a baseball bat... (that doesn't have barbed wire and isn't swung a ripped dude with intent to kill.)

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

January 20th, 2017. A Saturday.

A Continuation of Last Chapter.

"No, no, no. I promise you can have sex with me, just not right now!" Carl begged, thrashing wildly under the tight grip of Philip Blake. The man was physically much stronger than him though, and he wasn't going to be able to wrestle him off.

"Oh baby boy, calm down. Your mom told me all about how you like to whore yourself off to her boyfriends. I just wanted to speed things up a little." He said and cupped Carl's soft cock through his jeans. Carl pulled his hips back as far as he could into the bed, trying to get Philip's hands off of him.

"You can't take me, you can't. I'm mated!" Carl yelled, trying to convince the man. It was illegal to knot a mated omega, but Carl had no way to prove that he was mated.

Philip brought his hand to Carl's neck, checking it out and trying to find a bond mark. "That's just a fucking hickey, nice try." Philip dug his fingernails into Carl's neck making him cry out in pain.

He was trying to get his knee up, to get his teeth on some part of him, to grab a weapon with his hand, but he couldn't. There was nothing he could do. Philip was holding his hands, he

was physically weak, and he didn't even have anything in his room that he could use as a weapon.

I'm going to be raped.

I'm going to be

Raped.

Carl turned his head and threw up violently on the side of his bed. All the alcohol he'd had coming up from his stomach and pouring down the side of his bed, staining into the sheets.

"What the *fuck!*?" Phillip shouted and pulled Carl up by his shirt before roughly throwing him on the ground. "That's fucking disgusting, if that happens again then I guess you don't need to be conscious for this." He warned and spat on Carl's face.

From his position on the floor Carl actually felt like he had more of a chance to get away, he tried to get up on his feet but Phillip immediately knocked him back over and put one boot on Carl's chest, dangerously pressing down. Someone Philip's size could easily crush Carl's ribs and probably kill him.

"I'm sorry." Carl mumbled, turning his face to the side as Philip got on the floor to straddle him. He could feel the mans hard cock pressing against his leg and shuddered while forcing back the bile that was rising to his throat.

"You're going to be." Phillip muttered and pulled Carl's shirt roughly over his head.

Carl started crying, tears running down his face and snot dripping from his nose. He just wanted Negan to come in and make it all better. Carl wished he had taken his advice and hadn't come to help his mom.

Even inadvertently, this was his moms fault. *She* brought this fucking lunatic into their house and Carl vowed to never speak to her again if Philip went through with what he so obviously wanted to do.

"Smooth and skinny, just how I like it." Philip moaned, rutting his hips softly into Carl's groin and still soft cock.

Carl turned his head to the side to try and blink back the tears when he noticed something on the floor next to him. It was a baseball bat, must have been knocked over and was sitting just within reach of Carl's hand.

He contemplated for a moment on whether or not that was the right play. If he didn't end up hurting Philip at all then the man would just beat him, however, if Carl was somehow able to put all of his strength into one blow and book it out of his room then he might have a chance. He could run faster than Philip, and Carl knew several of his neighbors would let him in if he knocked and yelled loud enough.

As Philip continued to touch his chest Carl's fingers tightened around the end of the baseball bat. Adrenaline surged through him like lightning and with one resounding *CRACK*, Philip

was stumbling off of Carl and rolling onto the floor.

Carl scrambled to his feet and made it to the door before Philip stood up.

"*I'LL KILL YOU!*" He shouted, grabbing at Carl but Carl just turned around and hit him again with the baseball bat, this time shoving it like a knife into his stomach. Philip doubled over and grabbed at his stomach. For a moment Carl thought that he was home free, but his feet didn't carry him fast enough and he barely made it to the end of the hall before Philip straightened up again, walking with a bit of a limp, but still menacingly walking towards him.

His mom woke up, walking out into the hall to see what was happening and turning on the light.

"Mom please you have to help me!" Carl yelled, but Philip looked to be backing off a little at the sight of Lori.

"Your kid is a fucking menace Lori. I'm done with you." Was what he said to her.

Carl was backed up against the wall in the hallway and as Philip walked out he grabbed Carl roughly by the face and shoved his head into the wall. He didn't feel an intense amount of pain, and the wall didn't break, but it was definitely bruised and he probably had another concussion.

When Philip left Lori stepped closer to Carl.

"Honey, give me the bat please." She whispered and with a small sigh of relief Carl simply dropped it onto the floor. Lori bent at the waist to grab it, holding it tenderly in her hands and noticing blood on it, it must have been Philip's blood.

Carl pushed himself off of the wall and was going to head downstairs, to just get out of this whole mess when his mom roughly pushed him by the shoulders, sending him toppling down the stairs and into a heap at the bottom.

"You fucking good for nothing slut!" She screamed, coming down the stairs after him and holding the bat tight in her grip.

"Mom please! He tried to rape me--" Carl was cut off when the baseball bat connected harshly with his elbow and he let out a scream, trying to cradle it against his body, but every position hurt.

"You take everything from me!" She shouted, hitting him against and again with the baseball bat as he cowered in a fetal position. His back and legs were showered with hits, each one forming new bruises on his skin, and some of them breaking it.

"MY DAUGHTER!" She yelled, hitting extra hard with that one on his already broken elbow.

"MY HUSBAND!" She struck his calf with electrifying force.

"MY LIFE!" She finally ended with one brutally barbaric swing to his ribs, a crack resounding throughout the room.

He heard the front door open and the living room lights were turned on.

"CARL!" The familiar voice of Glenn shouted, he could just barely turn his head to see Maggie and Glenn entering his house. Maggie looked like she was already in tears and Glenn tried to approach the situation immediately.

"Lori," Maggoe coaxed, edging closer to her even though she still had the bat raised and ready to strike. "Why don't you just drop the bat?" She asked softly, holding her hands up to make sure that Lori wouldn't swing at her.

Glenn rushed Lori however, attempting to take the baseball bat from her. She immediately brought it down on his leg, and Carl heard another crack as Glenn collapsed to the ground, his knee contorted at an unnatural angle. The baseball bat was splintered now, but still usable.

Lori seemed to be ignoring Maggie even though the girl was now on the phone with the police and crying heavy tears as she tried to spit out Carl's address.

"I *will* kill you. But not today." Lori said and brought down the baseball bat one more time, on his head. Carl could physically feel bone fracture in his head, and the splintered part of the bat cut open his skin.

Carl screamed and Lori dropped the bat, calmly walked out of the house, and a car pulled out of the driveway.

He tried to get himself to his feet but everything was dizzy, his nose, ears, and head were all bleeding and Carl threw up again. "M-maggie?" He mumbled and then collapsed onto his knees again, everything hurt.

"Oh Carl, oh honey, it'll be okay. Don't move, just don't move. Glenn stop trying to move your leg!" She snapped at him and bent down next to her omega to try and comfort him.

"Glenn m'so sorry." He mumbled and stood up again, his eyes half lidded and his vision blurry.

"Don't even fucking say that! Your mom almost killed you, I'm going to be fine, now sit back down." Glenn commanded but Carl was making his way over to the floor by the stairs.

"Carl, oh sweetie please sit down." Maggie sobbed and Glenn put his arm around her. "You could die, your skull is broken!" She cried out but Carl had found what he was looking for and sat down, phone in hand. His mind swam as he tried to find the correct buttons to push, but he couldn't make sense of anything. It was like he was looking at a complex math equation when really all he had to do was press a few buttons.

"I gotta call him..." Carl said, trying to find the buttons on his phone. "Maggie I can't see, please can you call him?" He asked and slid the phone over to her.

"Yeah honey I can." She said sweetly and Carl just sat on the floor, trying to make sense of everything that was going on around him. It wasn't that he couldn't see, it was that everything was out of focus, he couldn't make out details on anything, on top of that, everything was double and he couldn't tell which was the real one. "Here it's ringing." She said and slid the phone back over to him. He reached for his phone once but his hand just hit the hardwood floor, and then again and he finally got it.

"Carl?" Came Negan's voice on the other end. *"Is everything okay baby boy? You want a ride home?"* He asked sweetly, his voice sounding like he'd just woken up from a dead sleep, even though he'd promised not to fall asleep all night.

"I'm okay but Glenn is not. We are going to the hospital." He mumbled, not wanting to worry Negan just yet.

"What happened?!" Negan's voice came worried from the other side, he could hear the rustling of sheets and the man obviously getting up. Sirens sounded in the distance, getting closer to them.

"My mom. I'm a little hurt so I'll have them check me out. Please come." He whispered. He could tell that Negan probably wasn't falling for his bullshit and could even just hear in Carl's voice that he was hurt.

"Yeah baby I'll be there. Please be okay Carl." He finally said before hanging up.

Paramedics ran into the house through the open door and Maggie immediately stood up to try and tell them the extent of what had happened to the boys.

A nice woman put him on a stretcher and helped him into the back of the car. "Can I go to sleep?" He asked her sleepily.

"Oh no, please stay awake. We're afraid you might have brain damage." She said and pushed the hair out of his eyes. Maggie was with Glenn in the other ambulance.

"Like really bad?" He questioned even though he could still feel blood seeping out of what felt like all the holes on his face.

"We don't know yet hon." Was all she said for the rest of the ride as other paramedics fluttered around. Carl couldn't keep it together though and he finally passed out.

"Carl, are you with us?" An authoritarian voice he didn't recognize asked as he fluttered his eyes. He opened them to be met with a tall woman wearing a pure white doctors coat.

"Yeah." He mumbled and blinked his eyes a few more times to get used to the light.

"I'm Dr. Jadis and I have a few things to go over with you, do you feel up for that?" She asked him and took a seat in the chair next to him with a clipboard.

"Where's Negan?" He asked groggily, not seeing the man anywhere.

"Your alpha had to step outside for a moment to gather himself. He should be back soon. Now, who did this to you?" She asked, her pen ready to write.

"Well it's kind of a long story. Hey, do I have brain damage?" He asked, remembering what the paramedic had said.

"Your cognitive function seem to be operating normally. Can you see, hear, taste, and smell?" She asked and Carl took a mental inventory of all of his senses.

"Yeah, I think so." He finally responded.

"Sounds like you're on track then. And don't worry, I can handle a long story." She reassured.

He pursed his lips to the side, wondering exactly where he should start. "My moms boyfriend tried to rape me, I hit him with a baseball bat. I don't know where he went but I don't think I hurt him that badly. Uh, then my mom kinda duked me out be acting all nice and then pushing me down the stairs. Then she, ya know, beat me." He summarized quickly.

"Carl you sound fairly calm about all of this, can I assume this isn't the first time it's happened?" She asked, furiously scribbling with her pen to take everything down.

"I mean, I don't want to get her in trouble but I feel like we're already past that. If she hadn't hit Glenn I would probably still be trying to cover for her but there's... Some things I can't excuse. Yeah, she's been hitting me for a couple of years."

"And where's your father?"

"He has a job in California, he's in a coma." Was what he answered with. She tweaked her lips to the side and pushed her short bob behind her ears.

"Alright... Also your arm is going to have to be in the cast for two maybe three weeks, then we can see how the elbow is setting. It wasn't that bad of a break, but still... Let's see, you need to be very careful with your body for the next few weeks, your heart temporarily stopped beating in the ER, only for about half a minute, still though, just be careful. You're also covered in bruises so I would recommend trying to get up and walk as much as possible, laying in bed for too long with make them even worse." She explained.

"I almost died?" He asked softly.

"Well, I can say for certain that as doctors we never actually thought you were going to die, but I suppose it's the closest you've ever come." She said.

"Oh." He responded with, almost not even making a sound. She tweaked her lips to the side and continued talking.

"We called your emergency contact but he didn't seem to have much information, he came down but said he doesn't actually know you very well." She explained and stood up, seemingly done with the questions. He figured she wasn't done for long though.

"Emergency contact? I thought that was my mom?" He questioned, screwing his eyebrows together.

"It's uh," she looked down at her chart. "*Dr.* Eugene Porter? Looks like it was changed about a year ago." She explained.

"My science teacher?" He questioned but she just shrugged her shoulders.

"Anyway, you're scheduled for surgery in eight hours. We wouldn't have to do it but since your skin broke we need to try and restructure your depression as best as we can." She explained.

"Yeah, sounds good." He said, trying to understand what she was saying. He didn't think he would need surgery.

"I'll send your contact in." She said with a nod before leaving.

A few moment later his mousy, weird science teacher from last year entered the room. He was wearing his usual outfit of shorts that didn't suit his body and a tucked in shirt with a vest. His mullet looked a mess.

"Carl Grimes. You remember me, you were in my third period AP Chemistry class last year. you passed with a 92% average." Eugene said and Carl scooted himself up on the bed a little.

"I don't understand, why are you my emergency contact?" Carl asked, studying the man in front of him. He'd never noticed any special treatment in chem or anything.

"I met your father once. Drinks were shared, numbers exchanged. He learned that I had a similar experience to you with my daughter. Her step-father killed her and Rick said that there was no one in the city that he trusted with your care, so I volunteered my services. I have put in a call to Rick but spoke with his lady friend instead. Everyone who needs to be in the loop is in the loop. Now if that is all, I will take me leave. Unless you require emotional support?" He finished quickly, his voice always spoke with a meter that made him sound smart.

"Alright, well that's a lot to take in. Uh, thanks I guess Mr. Porter?" He said.

"It's Eugene, I am you emergency contact, I suppose we should be on a first name basis."

"Well, thanks for letting Michonne know what was going on. Anyway, I don't really need any emotional support, see you in school I guess." He said, still kind of confused by the whole situation.

"That is a negative Carl, you will not be returning to school for the entire week. I have made arrangements with your teachers to make sure that you will not be penalized for your absences or given any extra homework. The official buzz in the school emails is that you were in a skateboarding accident. I was informed by my student Tara that Tony Hawk would never be in a skateboarding accident, however, as I did not understand what she meant--"

Carl finally cut him off. "Eugene that's super cool of you. Thank you, I mean it." He finished up.

Eugene gave him a slightly awkward smile, a nod, and then turned around to leave.

With Eugene out of the room Carl simply stared up at the ceiling and thought for the first time about what had happened.

She was gone, his mom was gone and he would probably never see her again.

He was almost raped.

Glenn was hurt horribly because of him.

And his mom was gone.

Carl closed his eyes and let a soft tear fall from his eye. It was his fault. It was his fault that his baby sister had died. It was his fault that dad had left them. It was his fault that his mom's life had been ruined.

Everything could be tied back to him, he was the original sin for his family and now he was dealing with the consequences.

He wished that he didn't. That he didn't have to deal with the consequences.

It was a little like someone killing themselves by jumping in front of a car. It wasn't the driver's fault, but they would still have to deal with the aftermath. And Carl was dealing with an aftermath right now.

This was going to cost money, a *lot* of money for a surgery. Just wasting time in the hospital bed was wasting money.

Carl was creating a burden for his family.

I wish she would have hit me harder.

"Hey kiddo!" Negan said with a small smile on his face, walking into the room and taking a seat in the chair next to him.

Carl tried to push all of the bad thoughts away, to the back of his mind. It wasn't the first time he'd thought about being better off dead, but it was the first time he'd so seriously wanted it. Every fiber in his being wished that his mom was just a little bit stronger, that she'd hit him in just a slightly different place...That *something* other than this had happened.

"Hey." Carl said somberly, but he was trying to cover up his mood in front of Negan, he didn't want to worry the man, he was already enough of a burden on him.

Negan reached for Carl's hand and held it tightly in his own, Carl's other hand was obscured by the end of a cast that helped set his elbow. He'd broken bones before and he absolutely hated casts and now this would be on him for the next three or so weeks.

"You doing okay?" He asked and brought Carl's hand up to his mouth to press a small kiss against it.

"I'm... Fine." He finally said and lay his head back on the pillows, looking up at the sound-board ceiling above him. He needed to anchor himself right now, to not slip into a dark place.

"Carl," Negan started but Carl stopped him immediately.

"No. I don't want to talk about it." He said resolutely, but even as the words came out of his mouth Carl felt tears slipping down his cheeks. "How do you even deal with me, I'm just a fucking little kid." He spat out, not looking over at Negan who had stopped holding his hand.

"You're not a little kid, Carl. You've dealt with too much in your life to be called that." He retorted and Negan brushed the hair out of his face.

Carl slapped Negan's hand away from him. "It was my fucking fault that this happened. You *told* me not to go, hell even Dwight was basically telling me not to go... But I did because I'm a fucking child who just wants his mom to love him." Carl's voice was wavering and he was trying to make it not break, he didn't want to fall into full sobs right now, that wouldn't help him in the least.

Negan grabbed Carl's hand tightly in his own and when Carl chanced to look over at the man he was *angry*. Seething even and Carl shrunk back into the bed.

"I'm sorry, please don't be mad at me." Carl whimpered quietly and looked away from Negan.

The grip on his hand eased up and Negan stroked the back of it softly with his thumb. "I'm not mad at *you* baby. I'm mad at your mom who made you feel like any of this was your fault. It was her decision Carl, and she's going to deal with that for a long time."

"Have they found her?" He asked.

"No." Negan responded. "And you need to tell us the name of the man who assaulted you, the police want to find him too."

Carl shook his head. "No... No I'm not bringing anymore people into this. I hit him hard, if he ever tries to come near me again..." Carl trailed off.

"I'll finish the fucking job." Negan finished for him and squeezed Carl's hand tightly.

"If we were bonded then you could." Carl said thoughtfully, wiping the tears away from his eyes. "The police couldn't stop you." It was an old law, but it still was one. Stealing an omega from their alpha could warrant the alpha to kill the contender. It happened sometimes and though it was generally frowned upon, nothing could stop Negan. "They would never know that we weren't bonded when it happened."

Negan shook his head. "No, Carl. I'm not mating you just so that I can kill someone. The police can find him, please, you need to tell them who it is." He reasoned.

"No." Was all Carl said back and Negan knew that it was a losing battle.

Maggie knocked softly on the open door to get their attention. "Sorry to interrupt." She spoke and walked further into the room. "I just wanted to let you know how Glenn is doing."

"Oh no, is he mad? Tell him I'm so sorry Mags... I didn't know she would hurt him like that." Carl said, worried that his best friend would never talk to him again because of this.

Maggie shook her head quickly. "No Carl, of course he's not mad at you! He's mad at Lori, sure, but not at you. In fact he's been in his room talking about how much of a damn hero he thinks he is... Anyway he's got a broken knee. Doctor says he can't bear weight on it for five weeks." She explained.

"Shit, it's basketball season! He just made varsity the year." Carl scrambled to figure out what was going to happen in his mind. Glenn might not ever be able to play again and it was all because of him.

"Stop thinking like that Carl! Glenn values the life of his best friend a hell of a lot more than basketball." She said back to him, her voice raising a little bit in tone and he could tell that she was getting a bit frustrated with him.

Carl didn't respond, he just stared up at the ceiling again.

"How are you feeling Carl?" She asked and brushed some hair out of his face.

"Fine." Was all he said.

"They're going to have to cut your hair." She said with her lips tweaked to the side. There was already a small shaved area where they'd temporarily closed the wound.

"I know." Carl said back and she sighed.

"Carl this isn't your fault. Your mom is a maniac!" She tried to reason with him.

"How were you guys even at my house?" He asked, finally looking up at her.

"We asked Dwight where you went when he got back and we didn't trust it." Is all she said.

They had come specifically to keep him safe. It was entirely his fault. Everything was. Even his fucking little sisters death.

"I'm going to go back to Glenn okay? He can't come visit you yet because they're not done with tests, but they should be in a little while. He wants you to sign his cast." She said with a small smile.

Carl didn't return the smile.

"Carl, you told me on the phone last night that you weren't hurt, that just Glenn was. Why was that?" Negan asked after Maggie left the room.

"I didn't want you to be mad that I'd gotten hurt again." Carl answered.

Negan didn't respond for what felt like ages before he finally withdrew his hand from holding Carl's. "Do you *never* think about yourself? Ever? You almost *died*. Glenn's injury's are a scratch compared to yours. What did you expect to happen when I got here? I would just be fine with the fact that you'd gotten hurt too? Carl I thought my fucking heart was going to stop when I saw you in the emergency room, you were bleeding from *everywhere*, they told me that you had passed out and that that was a bad sign. You weren't awake, your heartbeat was shallow, and you wouldn't respond to anybody!" Negan was yelling but his voice was getting a little louder, his alpha tone was dominating and Carl couldn't do anything but just listen.

"I'm sorry--" Carl started but Negan didn't let him finish.

"And the worst part? You did die Carl. Your heart stopped fucking beating." Negan rested his head in one of his hands and Carl realized just how much pain he was causing Negan. How his actions had hurt him. "They brought you back but I thought they weren't going to. You looked so small on that hospital bed Carl. I thought you were gone." He finished and finally looked up at Carl. His eyes were red and Carl started crying again.

"There's people that care about you Carl. A *lot* of them. Hershel was in here a couple of hours ago and I thought he was going to have a fucking heart attack. Carol Peletier came and sat by your bed for at least an hour, not even saying anything. Rosita was here, Tara was here, Aaron was here. Dwight sat by your bed and *cried* Carl. Fucking Eugene had been pacing outside your room since they called him. I was on the phone with Michonne for forty-five minutes trying to calm her down. You're important Carl. A lot more fucking important than you think."

Carl realized that all of those people had been worried about him. He'd *made* them worry. He'd made Dwight cry, he'd made Eugene get out of bed at three in the morning, he'd made a bunch of drunk highschoolers come to the hospital to see him, and he was making Negan cry.

"I just wish..." Carl started and then stopped. He wasn't sure if he wanted to say this out loud, if he trusted himself to say this.

"What baby? What?" He asked softly, stroking his thumb softly on the back of Carl's hand.

"I wish my mom had hit me harder."

And the first tears slipped down Negan's face.

Chapter End Notes

Trigger Warnings:

- attempted rape
- sexual assault
- physical violence by a minor towards an adult
- extreme physical violence by an adult against minors

- extreme child abuse
- suicidal idealization
- suicidal talk
- vaguely improper handling of a severe mental health situation
- if suicide is a major trigger for you, then you should not continue this story. While Carl will not commit suicide I can't guarantee that another character will not. I won't give anything away but a character will kill themselves.

Chapter 8: The School Found Out

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait! I got some art commissions and I decided to actually make money instead of basically freeloading off of my boyfriend... But that's besides the point. Just expect a little bit of a slow down while I work on these commissions.

NOTES:

-a time skip in this chapter, as a recap the last chapter was January 20th. So we're skipping like four months.

-There's a lot of Carl switching back and forth to talking to someone on the phone and then to Negan, I tried to make it as un-confusing as possible but it might get a little messy.

-MY NEW STORY IS UP!!!!- it's called "In My Past Life" and it's about Rick and Negan meeting each other basically as soon as Rick gets out of the hospital, they like fall in love and whatever, and then Negan disappears. Rick meets him again years later on that night in the woods... I think it's pretty okay, you should give it a read, first chapter's more cute than anything.

May 28th, 2017. A Sunday.

Carl woke up before Negan. Probably for the first time ever.

He slowly crept out of the bed, trying his best not to disturb Negan. It was barely eight in the morning and he figured he would make breakfast for the both of them. Try and cheer Negan up a little since he'd been so caught up with grading essays and assignments recently. He sat at his home desk for practically hours every day trying to get through it all, and Carl liked to help out by making his snacks and such.

Finally standing up, Carl stretched his arms above his head and let out a yawn. He let his arms fall limply down to his side and felt Negan's hand curling around his wrist. *Well there goes secret breakfast in bed.*

Carl turned to face the man that was rubbing his eyes and trying to get the sleep out of them. "Where are you going?" He asked, letting go of Carl's wrist and sitting up in bed.

"Just going to make some breakfast. You can go back to bed." He urged and leaned forward to press a soft kiss to Negan's temple. And Carl actually wanted Negan to go back to bed, he wanted to be alone for longer than ten minutes. Negan watched him like a hawk since they got back from the hospital... And for a while Carl had needed it. He's needed the constant watchful eye of Negan to remind him that he wasn't alone. But now, it was just annoying.

"No, I'll get up with you." Negan said, yawning through it and Carl could tell that he was probably still tired.

"No, go back to bed. I'll bring breakfast up in a half hour." Carl promised and backed away from the bed to pull a shirt on over his bare chest. He ran a hand through his hair, it was short and spiky, Carl hated it. It would be over a year until it was the length he'd had it at, and he thought he looked stupid with short hair. His injuries were all healed up, but that was a constant reminder of what had happened.

"Carl, come on, don't fuck around with me. I'm getting up." Negan said and swung his legs over the side of the bed.

"Just, fucking, *no*. Okay? I just want to be in the kitchen *alone* for thirty minutes. Please. I'm not going to slit my fucking wrists while I'm in there." Carl retorted, he said it violently though and he wasn't sure if he'd helped or hurt his cause. All he wanted was for Negan to just forget what he'd said, to let him skateboard to school again instead of having Maggie pick him up in the mornings, to let him go home by himself instead of waiting around in Negan's class room until he'd finished everything up. To let him do *anything*.

"Watch your language! And I never said that I didn't trust you, I said that I was going to get up. So go downstairs and make your fucking breakfast or whatever." Negan said, his voice rising in intensity as well.

Carl sat back down on the bed. He wasn't in the mood to make food anymore, and Negan's alpha voice had squashed any defiance he still harbored. "M'sorry." Carl mumbled. "I'm sorry we're always fighting."

They were basically either fighting or having sex. Negan said that it was a stressful time and that things would go back to normal soon enough, but as his mom continued to be missing and his dad was still in a coma, Carl didn't know if things would ever be "normal" again.

The only normality he'd had in his life recently was with Maggie and Glenn. At first, Glenn had been treating Carl like a delicate flower, but Maggie had knocked some sense into him and he'd come right back around to his usual self. They were a source of stability for him right now, and Negan was trying his hardest, but he wasn't.

"Come here." Negan said tenderly and pulled Carl up right next to him. Negan's arms wrapped around Carl's small frame and basically crushed him in a hug. "I'm sorry I'm so overbearing. I just care about you *a lot*." He emphasized and pressed lazy kisses against the top of Carl's head. "And it's been four months, you're almost an adult. You can do anything you want. You've shown me that you still care about life." Negan added.

Carl turned himself so that he was on top of Negan, stretched out and pressing a kiss against the man's neck. "I think my heat's coming up soon." He teased.

"That's not true." Negan said with a bit of a laugh, Carl's heats came at the beginning of a month, and it was currently the end of May, he had at least a week. "Why don't we go get breakfast somewhere?" He offered.

"You mean like, go out in public?" Carl questioned, furrowing his brows and sitting on Negan's lap.

"Yeah, we'll have to drive a bit, but I doubt anyone we know will be getting breakfast four towns over." He suggested. They'd had to play their relationship pretty close to the chest recently. They didn't go out on dates or anything, except for a few dinners they'd had deep in Atlanta. Occasionally Carl tagged along with Negan to the convenience store down the road in the dead of night, but other than that they stayed inside.

Only a few people knew that Carl was living with Negan: Michonne, Glenn, Maggie, and Eugene Porter. Carl was doing monumentally better in AP Bio II now that Eugene had offered to give him tutoring sessions, the man had been very glad that Carl now had a 93% average in that class.

Carl thought about breakfast for a moment before breaking out in a grin. "That sounds amazing." He expressed and got off of Negan's lap. "I'd been beginning to see a bit of a pattern with our arguments." Carl said and pulled a pair of charcoal grey, knee length shorts out of his dresser, leaving the shirt he'd found on the floor on.

"That we always have sex afterward? Yeah, me too." He said getting up out of the bed as well. He came up behind Carl and grabbed the boys hips, lewdly pulling them back against Negan's hips. His cock was soft but it still sent a shiver through Carl. "Don't get me wrong, I fucking love screwing you baby boy, but it may not be the *healthiest* way to have a relationship."

Carl ground his ass back against Negan just to tease him a little. "Watch your language, daddy." He teased. Negan swatted him playfully on the ass and grabbed some clothing for himself. Carl had finally truly moved in to Negan's house. His and his moms house had none of his stuff in it. They'd spent a whole weekend throwing out all the perishable food, cleaning up the blood and vomit, and then just leaving everything else how it was.

He'd wanted to throw away all of his moms things, but she wasn't *dead*, Carl just didn't know where she was, nobody did. He missed her, more than he cared to say, but he was also glad that she was temporarily gone.

"Fucking brat." Negan commented as he pulled on his own clothing and grabbed his wallet and car keys. "Hey, do you have your drivers license? I guess I never asked."

"Yeah, got it a couple of years ago." He said and pulled it out of a small slot behind his phone case. It was in pristine condition since he never took it out of there. The picture barely looked like him now that all of his hair was gone.

"You wanna drive?" He asked, looking at the license and then walking down the stairs with Carl. Lucille was patiently waiting by her food bowl and Carl filled it up. He always gave her a little bit more than Negan said, but he loved that dog, and she seemed to like him.

Carl scoffed at him. "I haven't driven in like two years, I'll pass." He said and headed out to the sleek black car.

"Alright, your loss." Negan acquiesced and unlocked the car.

About twenty miles from the house Carl felt his phone buzzing in his pocket, an incoming call.

"Uh, can we turn the music down? Sorry, it's Michonne." He explained and Negan turned the knob as Carl answered the phone. "Hey Michonne, what's up?" He asked, leaning back in the seat and getting comfortable. He talked with her about once a month, but they'd been texting pretty frequently. Sometimes about his dad, sometimes just about random things that they both liked. They had a lot in common.

"*Carl? It's dad.*" A gravelly voice came from the other end of the phone. Carl let his jaw fall slightly and the phone almost fell out of his grasp. Carl moved to turn the music all the way off instead of just down.

"Something wrong?" Negan asked, setting his hand on Carl's thigh and looking over at him.

Carl didn't respond to Negan, "Dad? You're awake?"

They'd been beginning to think that Rick wasn't going to wake up. The doctors said there was no apparent reason for why he'd been in a coma for this long, but he and Michonne had briefly talked about the real possibility that they'd have to take him off of life support eventually. But now... Now he was *alive*.

"*Yeah kiddo. Just woke up a couple of hours ago. I'm gonna come see you real soon Carl. Real soon.*" Rick said, he sounded like he hadn't had water in a while, and he probably only sounded like that because he hadn't spoken in months.

"You and Michonne are coming forever, right?" He questioned, making sure.

"*Yeah, yeah we are. We're going to wait until Michonne has her baby. Don't want any misshaps midair. We should be there June 8th at the latest. Really any day now though.*" He explained. Carl knew that Michonne was due very soon, he was eternally grateful that his dad would get to be there for her through the labor. They'd talked a bit and Michonne didn't really have much family living around her, and she didn't want to give birth by herself.

"She told me she was about ready to pop," Carl joked. "I can't express how happy I am that you're coming home dad. That you woke up." Carl shifted his tone to more sincere. He'd been staggeringly close to not having a dad or a mom.

"*I'll always come back to you Carl. Everything gets a return, and I guess this is mine. Michonne told me that a lot of stuff has gone down since I got shot. She won't tell me specifics, but I just want to say that you're a brave kid Carl. Whatever happened, I love you, and I'm sure you made the right decision.*" Rick explained, Carl was glad Michonne hadn't told Rick anything. He wanted to be the one, and she gave him that opportunity.

"Yeah, a lot of stuff has happened. I think it would be better to tell you in person. But dad I don't want you to be freaked out when you come back but... Mom's gone. We don't know

where she is. She's been missing for months." Carl explained. He knew that his dad had Michonne now, but that didn't mean he couldn't still worry about Lori.

"Michonne did tell me that. She said you're living with your alpha? I uh... You know I probably would have been upset if the circumstances were different but she says he's good for you. Older than you too... But that's okay. As long as you're healthy and happy."

Carl knew that Michonne probably had to tell him that to quell his confusion and fears, but Carl wasn't prepared to tell his dad about Negan yet. He would have to eventually. But it was going to be hard for his dad to understand that his sons alpha was the same age as him. "He's amazing dad, I think you'll really like him." Carl promised.

"I'll have to give him the official Grimes seal of approval. Oh damn, well my doctor's back. I'll talk to you soon Carl. I love you."

"I love you too, dad."

"You--you're gonna tell your dad about us?" Negan questioned as soon as Carl put the phone down. His hand was still on Carl's thigh, but lightly, tentatively.

"Yeah, of course. I'm not gonna make us wait a year to be together." Carl said incredulously.

"So you want us to have a future together? We're going to stay together for a while?" Negan questioned and Carl wondered where all of this was coming from, why Negan would suddenly be questioning the validity of their relationship.

"Well I figured we would. Is there a reason we wouldn't?" Carl looked over at him, trying to study the mans features, but he was impassive.

"I'm over twice your age Carl. I just... I wasn't sure if you'd want to stay with me. It's fine if you don't, I'm glad to be helping you right now." Negan explained.

Carl's phone rang again and he held up a finger to Negan. "We'll talk about this in a minute." He said and answered the phone.

"Carl?! It's Rosita." A familiar voice called over the phone. It wasn't Rosita's normal tone though, she sounded upset, and urgent.

"Yeah, yeah what's going on?" He asked, stiffening up a bit.

"It's Abraham. The school found out. Somebody, some fucking conyo sucio ratted us out. I don't know who yet but I'll fucking kill them!" She shouted over the phone. Carl almost had to hold the phone away from his head to understand everything she was saying.

"Rosita, calm down. Tell me exactly what happened." He urged her.

He heard her taking a few breaths and he stayed on the line. *"We were... We were being stupid okay. Sometimes we kiss in his office and that's never been a problem but we were in the hallway. It was like six at night, we didn't think anyone would be there... But they were. We don't know who it was but we--me--Abraham and I have to go meet with Mrs. Monroe and the*

police tomorrow." She explained and Carl could hear her voice was getting wet like she was going to cry again.

Carl held the phone down a little bit and covered the microphone. "Negan, can we skip breakfast? Rosita got in some trouble and it... It might have something to do with us." He tried to explain quickly and Negan immediately pulled his hand away, focusing on the road instead of Carl as he went back to talking on the phone. "Yeah, Rosita, sorry I'm still here. Uh I'm headed your way right now. Do you want to meet me at my house--er, my new house?" He asked.

"Okay yeah. I have some stuff to tell you and Mr. Morgan. Abraham and I can be there in forty minutes. See you then. Thank you Carl." She said sincerely and then hung up on her end.

"Carl what's going on?" Negan asked tensely. He'd already turned the car around to go down the highway in the opposite direction, but didn't know why Carl had instructed him to do that.

"I didn't know if I should tell you or not, but I guess now I have to. My friend Rosita is in a relationship with Mr. Ford, the gym teacher. I found out shortly after we got together because I walked in on them. She said she has something important to tell us." Carl explained.

Negan just looked out on the road, but Carl could tell he was anxious.

They'd eaten a quick breakfast of eggs and toast, and were tensely sitting on the couch when Abraham and Rosita pulled up in her giant lifted truck. Negan let them in and he saw a brief moment of eye contact shared between him and Mr. Ford, but it flashed away in a moment.

Rosita had her usual pigtails in but they looked rushed, and none of her clothing matched. He told her to sit on the couch and took a seat right next to her. Negan sat on one of the arm chairs opposite, and Mr. Ford in the other one. Carl felt he and Rosita were kids in trouble with their parents, not almost adults with their significant others.

"Carl said you had something to tell us." Negan said, his elbows were on his knees and he looked nervous, but was trying to keep his composure together.

Rosita started to talk but Mr. Ford cut her off. "Rosita, if I may. Yes, we have our own shit storm to deal with currently, but I think you two might have something coming your way." He started.

"What's going to happen to you guys?" Carl interjected, he needed to know.

"Well, I just turned eighteen last month and they can't prove the relationship started before then. I think the school wants to handle this discreetly. I know Abraham won't face jail time or anything, but he could still lose his job." She explained.

"She's right. Nothing terrible is going to happen to us, but I will certainly be relocated. Our main issue is that there's a special school board meeting scheduled just to deal with what's supposed to happen to me, any faculty or students can speak at it and I know more than one

member of staff who has it out for me and might try and convince the board that this happened before she was eighteen... We're just not sure how this is going to work out." Abraham explained and Rosita nodded solemnly.

"So where do we play into this?" Negan asked, his eyes surveying both Rosita and Abraham. He was more serious than Carl thought he'd ever seen him before.

"It's a wonder that Abe and I got away with so much, really. The school's going to be watching every teacher like a fucking hawk after this. I just--so many people know that you guys are at least living together, it doesn't take a lot to connect the dots." Rosita supplied.

"Exactly how many people is *so many*?" Negan asked, looking directly at Carl with one raised brow and dark eyes.

"Not that many! I promise. It's just Rosita, and now Mr. Ford, and Mrs. Peletier, and Eugene, Maggie, Glenn, Beth, Hershel, and Michonne." Carl scrambled out.

"That's seven more people than should know." Negan said tersely, leaning back in the arm chair and propping up on ankle on his knee.

"Carl is there anywhere else you could stay?" Rosita questioned.

"Yeah... I'm only here for another two or three weeks anyway until my dad comes home. As long as nothing happens in that time." He said.

"I think we're all forgetting about your third option." Abraham started. "You can stay here and be real quiet, you can move out, or Negan can mate you. The school can't do *anything* if he's your alpha."

Carl took a deep breath. "Maybe that's our best option." Carl sighed out.

Negan fixed with with a sharp look. "This is *not* a decision you take lightly, or decide to do because it's the best fucking option, kid. Mating is the equivalent of getting married, you're with me for *life*." He emphasized.

"I don't know what to do." Carl said hopelessly.

"Yes, you do. You're moving back in with your dad just as soon as you can. We can still see each other, it just has to be in moderation." Negan decided for the two of them.

"Sounds like you two have a lot to talk about, Rosita, how about we give them some time?" Abraham suggested, standing up.

She gave him one quick hug before standing up herself. "Call me if you need anything." She said with a small half smile.

"Yeah, will do. You call me too." He told her and she gave a nod before Abraham ushered her out the door.

"That's it, our fucking lives are over." Carl said, standing up from the couch once Abraham and Rosita had been gone for at least ten minutes.

"Carl, that's not true and you know it. We just have to play it safe." Negan said, standing up as well and walking to the kitchen, starting the sink to do some dishes, but he was obviously just using that as a distraction

Carl followed him into the kitchen, jumping up to sit on one of the counters. "Why don't you just mate me? My heat's coming up soon, then everything would be easy." Carl tried to get him to come around.

"Is that *really* what you want? You want to be with me for the rest of your life? Basically give me one of the last things you have left to give?" Negan questioned, not turning to face Carl.

"Why do you think I don't want to be with you? I'm *choosing* to be here! I could be living with Maggie right now if I wanted to, but you're the best thing that's ever happened to me Negan. You have to understand that." Carl emphasized and jumped off the counter. He walked up to stand right behind Negan, wrapping his arms around the mans waist.

Negan paused his dishwashing and turned off the sink. He rested his hands over Carl's. "I just want you to think about it more kid. You haven't even mentioned it before Abraham said something. I want to meet your dad first, make sure that he's on board."

Carl sighed and lay his head against Negan's broad back. "You're right. The thought hadn't even really crossed my mind before right now. It is a big deal and I shouldn't be taking it so lightly." He agreed.

Negan turned around and pushed Carl back against the counter that he'd just been sitting on. "Just because we're not bonded doesn't mean I don't care about you." He assured and pressed a kiss against Carl's forehead.

"And just because I don't want to bond with you just yet doesn't mean I haven't thought about you knotting me." Carl said lasciviously.

"How can such a small kid have such a dirty fucking mind?" He questioned sarcastically but captured Carl's mouth in a kiss and rolled his hips lightly against Carl's.

"Just thinking about your knot has me slick already." Carl moaned.

"Hmm, maybe you're going into heat earlier than expected..." He contemplated and turned Carl around, pushing his chest down against the counter and pulling the boys pants down just far enough to expose his ass, which really was dripping. "Looks like you're in preheat already." Negan commented.

"Want your cock daddy." Carl groaned and pushed his ass back, he felt so empty.

"How the fuck can you go from emotional and stressed out to *this* in five seconds? You're basically giving me whiplash baby boy." Negan complained but Carl could hear the sound of his belt undoing.

"You should knot me daddy. You don't have to mate me... I just want your knot." Carl begged and pressed back eagerly against the tip of Negan's cock.

"We can try it baby. I might have to stop if I get too overwhelmed. I don't want to mate you in the heat of the moment." He chided but slammed his cock in as he spoke. To get mated there were three components: the omega had to be in heat (which Carl was close enough), the alpha had to produce a knot, and then the alpha had to break skin on the omegas neck. So Negan could knot Carl without mating him, it's just that sometimes alphas got swept away in the lust.

Negan was pulling Carl back roughly on his cock and he could feel his knot starting to rise a little bit. His cock was basically trained not to knot in Carl's ass, and it would take a little longer than usual to get it up all the way.

"Oh daddy, so good." Carl said through quick pants as his hips were repeatedly forced into the counter in front of him. Carl was just about to cum when there was a knock at the door.

"Oh *shit!*" Negan exclaimed and quickly backed away, trying to tuck his still hard cock into his jeans. "Is there anything else that could go wrong today?" He questioned and pushed Carl down to sit on the floor. "Don't come out unless it's someone we trust, okay?" He asked and pressed a soft kiss against Carl's forehead.

Carl pulled his knees up to his chest and nodded. "M'sorry daddy. We shouldn't have done it in the kitchen." He said quietly as Negan moved to grab one of his sweatshirts that was on the kitchen table, it covered his bulge just enough as it started to go down.

"It's okay baby, now shhh." He warned and walked out of Carl's sight towards the front door.

Carl listened closely as the door was pulled open. There was a moment of silence and then Negan spoke, confused, "Shane?"

He heard the sound of someone entering the house and then the door being shut. Carl wanted to make himself even smaller. If Shane just walked around one wall he would see Carl.

"Yeah. Sorry for dropping by unexpectedly--actually, not sorry. I got some news for you." He said and Carl immediately knew what Shane it was. Shane Walsh, ex-cop turned highschool teacher. He'd left the force voluntarily after it came out that he'd been sleeping with his mom. This was the Shane that basically sent the whole family into a downward spiral, and Carl felt his blood boil. He rarely had to see the man at school, and when he did Carl always wanted to do *something*. To hit him, knock him out, *kill him*.

"Uh, do you want to take a seat?" Negan offered.

"No, I'll stand. Listen everything just came out about Espinosa and Ford, and I just want to say that I'm fucking on to you." Shane warned and Carl buried his head between his knees. He almost didn't want to listen, but he had to.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Negan responded calmly. Shane was basically never calm, Carl knew that.

"I've seen you hanging around with Carl. Now I don't give a *shit* about what happens to him one way or another, but *you*. I want you fucking out of this school. You're a fucking--a fucking pedophile." Shane accused and Carl wanted to yell something back, to call Shane out as a homewrecker. Negan was a fucking pedophile, *I'm 17, it's basically legal. Not even frowned upon if we were mated* he thought to himself angrily.

"I don't like what you're insinuating Shane. Now *please*, get the fuck out of my house." Negan commanded and Carl could hear Lucille growling lowly at Shane. She always seemed to be able to tell who was a friend and who was an enemy.

"Just watch your fucking back, creep. And I'm the baseball coach at this school, that's never going to be yours." Shane said and Carl heard his footsteps retreating towards the door.

"This is about being the fucking *baseball coach*?! Are you a motherfucking middle schooler? Jesus man, Deanna mentions this once and suddenly you want to ruin my life to prevent something that hasn't even happened yet?" Negan shouted, his voice angry and loud. Louder than Carl had ever heard it before.

"Fuck off, I've been here longer than you. If I get proof that you're fucking that kid I'll be right back here with the cops. Mark my words." And with that, the door slammed and Shane stepped out.

Carl sat on the floor for a couple moments more before he heard a car pull away, and finally he stood up. "Negan?" Carl called softly, walking into the living room.

Negan was leaned against the back of the couch, his fists gripping the upholstery so tightly that Carl thought it was going to break. He was practically shaking. "Daddy?" Carl said, even softer as he walked towards the man. He was scaring Carl right now, his eyes had violence in them and even Lucille was standing like she was ready to attack.

Negan moved his hand up a bit and Carl flinched heavily, worried that he was going to be hit. "Please, just fuck me, don't hit me." He said quickly and brought his arms up to cover his face.

"Oh darlin'." Negan said softly and Carl dropped his arms a little bit. Negan stepped forward to pull him into a soft and loving hug. "I would *never* hit you. *Never*. I'm just angry at that man is all." He assured and rocked Carl softly back and forth.

Carl was still cowering a bit but tried to let himself relax into Negan's arms. This was a safe area for him, Carl knew that he would never hit him.

"I'm sorry it's just my response to when people get angry." He explained and Negan pressed a kiss against his head.

"I know it is. Just remember if I ever get like that again, just call me 'alpha' and it'll all go away." Negan reminded, that was usually a fool-proof way for an omega to get through to an alpha in every circumstance.

"Do you think Shane's going to do anything?" Carl asked.

"I won't fucking let him." Negan responded, a warning tone to his voice, but Carl knew it wasn't directed towards him.

"I know you won't."

Chapter 9: Tell Me More

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took me forever, some weird things have happened in my life recently.

NOTES:

-ahaha so this isn't really a cliffhanger but I'll tell ya, Andrea's gonna friggin suck in this story. I'll give you a little hint: remember the really terrible advice that she gave Beth in season two?? Yeah, that'll come into play.

-sorry this chapter is kinda boring. A few more action packed chapters and then we're done!! :)

June 9th, 2017. A Friday.

"Wait, so is he fired or not?" Carl asked Rosita, mumbling around a mouthful of french fries and then washing them all down with his soda.

She held up a finger as she finished her bite and then set her burger down on the wrapper it had come in. "Yeah, the school isn't pressing charges because they couldn't figure out if we'd starting going at it before I was eighteen. He's working construction right now and his wife filed for divorce."

"Jeez, that's rough." He said and wiped his mouth with a napkin. His eyes glanced to his phone every few minutes, waiting for the *we're here* text his dad was sure to be sending from the airport any minute.

"Yeah maybe for her, it's fucking amazing for me. Don't wanna bash on Abraham or anything but I didn't think he had the balls to call it quits with her. He told me he couldn't fucking stand her but stayed because of his daughter." She explained and took another huge bite. He'd stopped at a fast food place near the airport and Rosita had happened to be just getting there too.

Michonne had wired him some money to buy a cheap used car for himself--which he hadn't wanted to get but she said they would be using it too while their cars were delivered across the country--so now he had his own vehicle and would be picking them up from the airport. Negan had given him a few extra driving lessons since it had been so long. "Huh, so what's your guyses plan?" He asked.

She gave him a small shrug of her shoulders. "Not sure, I'm going to university a town over, I think he might come along with me and we can get an apartment. He was thinking of looking into the athletics department there."

Carl's phone buzzed.

Message from Dad 3:02 PM

just landed

Message to Dad 3:02 PM

BRT

Message from Dad 3:03 PM

:) <3

"Hey I'm sorry I have to go." He ushered out an apology and stood up, gathering all of his garbage together to throw it out.

Rosita stood up too and gave him a big hug. "See you around Carl. I don't move out until July so we should hang out some more. You, Glenn, and Maggs throw the best parties."

Carl hugged her back tightly and chuckled. "What does Tara call us again?"

"Not sure, had the word rectum in it."

"Oh yeah, it was RECTuM TEEN DJ'S."

"Man, freshman year I didn't have any friends and now I have enough to almost spell out the word *rectum*." She said and let him out of the hug.

Carl gave her one last smile before heading out to his new car and sliding in. The thing was nice enough, pretty recent and Negan had helped him fix an engine problem so it ran almost perfectly and had passed Negan's safety test.

He got it running with ease and pulled out of the parking lot. Carl felt his blood boiling in apprehension to see his dad, a giddy smile covering his face. He bounced slightly in his seat as he sped to the airport, his hands gripping the steering wheel so hard that his knuckles were turning white. He heard his phone ringing and picked it up without thinking.

"Hello?" He said into it.

"*Hey baby, what's up?*" Negan's voice came from the other end and Carl soothed at the sound of it. Negan could calm his nerves any time.

"My dad just landing, driving to go pick him up." Carl made a one handed turn into the airport parking lot and tried to find a place to park. It was pretty packed since a plane had just landed so it took Carl a minute.

"*And you're on the phone with me? Bad baby boy, can't talk and drive.*" Negan chided.

Carl felt a shiver go down his back. "Sorry daddy. I just parked though." He made sure to say.

"Gonna have to punish you some time later for being so reckless." Negan basically whispered and Carl slipped out of the car.

"Negan!" Carl shout-whisered, "if you do this when I'm in public I'll never touch you again." He tried to keep his voice down so that no one could hear him, and tried to think of something disgusting so that his slightly interested dick would go down.

Negan's low and rumbling chuckle came from the other end of the phone. "This would be a fun game another time, but I know how excited you are to see your dad. Just wanted to see if you were spending the night here or not?"

"I'm not sure yet. If my dad and Michonne are just staying in a hotel then I'll come home, but if they're staying at my moms house then I'll probably stay with them." He rambled out as he entered the doors. There was a gaggle of people standing around the terminal where the passengers would be exiting, looked like they hadn't gotten off the plane yet.

"Okay baby boy just let me know, I can have all your stuff ready for you if you need."

"Thanks Negan, I'll talk to you later." Carl promised and slipped his phone into his pocket.

He saw the first few people getting off the plane and Carl was basically standing on his toes to try and see over the crowd of people. A thousand worries went through his head but he tried to push them all to the back. *This is good, your dad's home. Be happy.* He told himself over and over and then through the crowd he saw a head of thick black dreads that he recognized.

"Michonne!" He called, figuring that it was her.

The head whipped around towards him and then her strong arms were pulling him into a tight hug. "Hey kid." She greeted, she smooshed him against her, sandwiching a tiny newborn baby in between them, and then another set of arms were around him.

"Dad!" Carl exclaimed and leaned into the mans embrace.

"I've missed you so much." Rick said into his ear and Carl never wanted his dad to let go of him again. He would be perfectly content.

"I love you dad." Carl mumbled against his chest and when they finally pulled away both of them were red around the eyes.

Carl noticed that his dad was skinnier and looked worn-out, but he was sure he would be back in shape in no time.

He turned to face Michonne then, looking at the sleeping baby in her arms. She still looked just as fit as ever, which was insane to Carl. "Who's this?" He asked softly, staring at the baby in wonder.

"Judith." Michonne said softly. "My mom's name." Carl stared down at her for a long while but couldn't accept her when Michonne offered. He wasn't ready for that.

"Where are we going?" Carl asked when everyone got in the car, the suitcases crammed in the back, baby seat strapped in, and his dad sitting next to him, his hand resting softly on the back of Carl's chair. It made Carl feel safe.

"Home I figure? Your mom's still out isn't she?" He asked as Rick backed out of the parking space. He'd wanted to drive and Rick was fine with that, he wasn't really great at it.

"Yeah, yeah she it." He said with a tweak to his lips.

"She'll come back kid." Rick promised and Carl nodded, then he felt a buzzing in his pocket.

Carl slipped his phone out and stared down at the name *Negan* for a while, he wasn't sure if he should answer it or not, right next to his dad.

"You gonna get that?" Michonne asked from the back, raising her eyebrows at his buzzing phone.

"Yeah." He said softly and put it up to his ear. "Hey." He started, he figured Negan would know that he must be with his dad.

"Hey kiddo, Ms. Peletier and Mr. Dixon are coming over for dinner tonight, so if you need your stuff you're going to have to come get it now or at like ten at night." He explained and Carl let out a long sigh.

"Alright, I'll stop by right now and get everything." He said and rubbed his eyes lightly.

"Sorry Carl, you don't have to stop by today. Why don't you skate over tomorrow?" He offered, but Carl wanted to get this over with. His dad would have to meet Negan sometime, Carl had just hoped it could have waited, but if he didn't do it now he would never do it.

"No, no we'll be right over there. See you soon." He said and hung up the phone. Rick looked over at him. They were currently driving past the road that led to Maggie's farm so Rick would have to turn soon.

"Hey dad I have to get my clothes and stuff from the guy I was staying with, it's the next off ramp." Carl directed and felt jittery in his seat. This would be it, if his dad didn't approve of Negan it was all over.

"Yeah, I meant to ask you about that. You got an alpha?" Rick asked, confusion seeping into his voice as he signaled that he was getting off the highway.

"Yeah--no, I mean no. He's not my alpha he just... Helped me out a lot. Listen there's a lot of stuff I got to tell you, now isn't really the time but Negan will make a lot more sense after you learn everything." Carl tried to explain, giving his dad directions at the same time.

"And he's older than you? How old?"

Carl cringed into his seat and he could tell that Michonne was pointedly ignoring the conversation. "He's in his thirties..."

Rick gripped the wheel tighter and Carl could tell his jaw was clenched. It took him a while to say anything. "I'll listen to your story before I say anything. How about we have him over for dinner tomorrow? Then you can tell the whole story." Rick offered.

They rolled to a stop outside of Negan's house and Carl started to get. "Are you coming dad?"

"I can't. Not yet, not when I don't know why a fucking thirty year old has been with my little kid." He said tightly and Carl just had to nod his head. He saw Michonne lean forward to speak to Rick as soon as he was making his way up the concrete to Negan's front door.

Negan swept the door open for him and ushered him in. There was a huge duffel bag packed with Carl's clothes and his school bag sitting neatly on top of it.

"Your dad not coming in?" Negan asked and Carl shook his head. The door was shielding them so Negan pulled him into a tight hug.

"He wants you to come over for dinner tomorrow night." He mumbled, his head against Negan's chest.

"Everything will be okay baby boy. Even if it's not, you turn eighteen in December, not that long of a wait." He tried to reason but Carl just wanted them to be together now and forever.

Negan helped him load up the bags. "I'll miss you." Carl said.

"I'll miss you too kiddo. You sure your dad doesn't want me to come out and meet him? Don't want to seem rude."

"Naw, no he wouldn't want that."

June 10th, 2017. A Saturday.

"Carl! Did you throw you moms clothes in the back of the car?" Rick called. He was upstairs cleaning Lori's room, Carl was desperately trying to make the dining room look better, and Michonne was cooking.

Judith was in a crib that they'd temporarily set up in the living room, he was watching her and it was making his uncomfortable.

Message from Negan 4:40 PM

Should I bring anything?

Message to Negan 4:40 PM

Naw, michonnes cooked a feast. there is a baby here

Message from Negan 4:42

How does that make you feel?

Message to Negan 4:43

idk yet

Message from Negan 4:43

You're strong Carl. <3

"Yeah dad!" He called back and Judith stirred a little, but thankfully she didn't wake up. She'd slept like a rock last night and had been pretty goo all day today. Michonne said she would wake her at dinner time so hopefully she wouldn't be fussy.

The house looked completely different from when they'd started cleaning this morning. Michonne and his dad had slept on the couches last night but tonight Rick thought they could sleep on the bed. There were no bottles anywhere, it was vacuumed, it smelled like roasted vegetables, and Carl had seen Michonne silently scrubbing a blood stain off of the counter.

Carl wouldn't be embarrassed to have someone over, just like it used to be.

He'd set the table just as he remembered to. He and Negan on one side; his dad, Michonne, and Judith on the other.

At 4:59 the doorbell rang and Carl quickly jumped up from the couch. He was shaking slightly when he got to the door, opening it to reveal Negan standing with his leather jacket and a motorcycle helmet under his arm.

Carl felt his cock jump a little at the sight but he forced it down. "You have a motorcycle?" He asked, dumbfounded.

"Lot you don't know about me kiddo." Negan joked and when Carl looked up, Rick and Michonne were both staring at them. Michonne had a little smile on her face and his dad just looked pale.

"I'm Rick." He said, masking his voice with police officer bravado and leaning in to shake Negan's hand.

"Negan Morgan." He introduced.

"Negan Morgan... Hey you played for the Boston Red Sox in from 2003-2005." Rick said with a sense of growing recognition on his face. Carl looked up at Negan in confusion. *He played for the what now?*

"Yeah that was me, quit right after it wasn't paying for my college." He said with one of his giant grins.

"'04 was my favorite season by far." Rick said and soon enough the two had settled into an easy conversation about baseball that Carl wasn't following at all.

Michonne was rocking Judith on her hip and glanced over at Carl. "I take it you didn't know about this?" She asked.

Carl shook his head pitifully. "No idea." He admitted.

There was a ding from the kitchen. "Break it up boys, dinner's ready." She said and Rick and Negan both took a step back, his dad obviously realizing that he still didn't approve of Negan.

Negan pulled out the chair for Carl and Rick sat across from him. Michonne had a stew sitting in the middle of the table soon enough and everyone filled their bowls up.

"So Carl," Rick started and Carl understood the message.

"I don't know if this is really dinner talk." Michonne tried to interject but Carl shook his head.

"No, no, I need to get it out." He said and pushed his hand through his short hair with a sigh. "Mom isn't as good as you thought she was. Uh, I guess she could hide the rampant alcoholism pretty well when you were here--but the hitting? She hid that from you completely. I was never going to tell you because yaknow it's *mom*, but a few people around me have shown me that I need to tell you.

"I had to cut all my hair off because mom hit me over the head with a baseball bat. There's a stitch on my temple because she broke a beer bottle over my head. I walk with a limp because she broke my leg. And there's more." He said, rushing all of it out quickly as Rick's spoon fell onto the white tablecloth.

"Oh my God." He said, mouth open a little, opening and closing.

"That's uh, that's where Negan fits into it. I was in heat, at a party where all my friends were drunk. Negan had given me his number the day before because he was worried I was being hit. Oh I forgot to say, he's my English teacher, but that doesn't really matter--"

Rick cut him off. "Wait Carl, Jesus you're going too fast. You mean to tell me that Lori was *hurting* you? Almost killed you?" He asked, swallowing harshly and Carl watched his throat bob.

Carl tweaked his lips to the side and Negan covertly rested his hand on Carl's thigh. "And now you're dating your *English teacher*?" He sputtered out.

"Yeah, I was trying to explain. Um, so Negan has probably saved my life about a dozen times, he came with me to California to see you, he's missed work to stay with me in the hospital, I mean he's basically done everything for me. Doubt I'd be here tight now if it weren't for him." Carl felt a tight squeeze on his thigh.

Rick didn't speak for a moment. He got up from his chair, walked into the kitchen, stayed there for a few minutes, and then came back out to kneel by Carl's chair.

"Carl," he started and pulled the boy into a hug, tighter than Carl thought his dad could squeeze him. "I'm so sorry, I'm sorry about Lori, and I'm sorry that I couldn't help you. I'm your dad, it's supposed to be what I'm here for." He said and Carl nodded into his shoulder.

"Dad, it's okay. Everything's exactly how it's supposed to be right now." He mumbled and Rick finally stood up, both of them had water ringed around their eyes.

"I love you so much Carl." Rick said and Carl nodded.

"I know."

"I just... Negan I'm going to have to get used to you. You've already proven yourself to my son but you're going to have to prove yourself to me. I know that Carl needs you, and I'm not going to stop you two... I just need to know that you truly do care about him." Rick said soberly and Negan gave one sharp nod.

Rick took his seat again and Michonne put her hand on his shoulder, he leaned over to press a kiss against her head and she smiled at him.

It's all going to be okay.

But then it wasn't.

Michonne, in an epic fit of no coordination, managed to flip her spoon onto the floor and bowl into hers and Rick's lap. "Oh jeez." She said, clearly not thinking too hard on it, but the loud noise had made Judith cry.

And it was the first time he'd heard her cry.

He went white as a board as Michonne picked up the bowl and Rick stood, obviously needing a change of clothes. "Carl can you rock Judith for a moment, we have to go get cleaned up." Michonne asked and pulled Judith out of her chair, trying to hand her to Carl.

He back away a few steps. "No, no, no I can't, I can't do that. Please make her stop crying." He forced out and Negan stepped in front of Carl to grab Judith himself, awkwardly holding her in the way only a man who didn't have children could.

"I got it, just go." He ushered the two of them and they disappeared up stairs.

Negan turned around to face Carl who was who pushed up against a wall and looking pretty green. "Carl, honey, it's okay. Look, she's fine. She was just scared of the loud noise. Watch she'll stop crying if I rock her. Do you want to help?" He asked, holding a hand out towards Carl to see if he wanted to come towards him.

"No." Carl shot out and pulled his hands close against his chest so that Negan couldn't grab him. "Please, no." He whispered again.

"Oh darlin' it's okay, you don't have to do anything you can't. Why don't you focus on your breathing right now? In... Out... In... Do you need to go throw up?" He asked quickly and Carl shook his head.

That was a lie though because Negan watched Carl's body convulse and then he dry heaved.

"Why don't you go to the bathroom?" Negan recommended.

"Can't move." He whispered once again and Negan noticed that he was dripping sweat, probably paralyzed with fear.

Judith was starting to calm down but she was definitely still fussy, and if her Negan needed to set her down or pass her off soon.

Michonne came rushing down the steps and took Judith from Negan. "Carl? What's wrong?" Rick asked, coming down too.

Negan took a step closer to Carl and he held his hands up. "Look, she's with her mom, perfectly safe. Can I take you to the bathroom so you can throw up?" He asked politely, not making a step towards Carl until Carl would let him.

Slowly, the boy nodded, letting Negan's hand in between his shoulder blades guide him to the bathroom.

As soon as they were in the bathroom Carl was bent over the toilet, retching into to it and Negan was getting a hand towel damp to put it on his neck. "There you go baby, you'll feel better if you get it all out." He suggested as Carl continued to throw up.

Just like the first time Negan was almost worried he was going to have to take Carl to the emergency room as the matter turned into acidic stomach acid, and then finally nothing. Carl collapsed back onto the floor like he'd just run a mile, breathing heavy.

"Do you want to come lay on the couch?" Negan asked, cleaning his face off with the towel.

"Yes please." He breathed out and Negan helped him to his feet once again, getting him to the couch and then laying him down with the cold towel around his shoulders. Rick and Michonne stared on with raised eyebrows and wide eyes.

Negan knelt by Carl's side, trying to ignore the eyes on him and just focus on getting Carl better. Last time Carl just seemed to have been able to bounce right back after it, but he seemed more drained right now.

"How about I go talk with your dad and you get comfy on the couch? I'll be right back." He promised and smoothed his hand gently down the front of Carl's shirt.

He nodded limply, "yeah... Yeah that's fine." He finally agreed and Negan brushed his hand against Carl's cheek bone and then stood up, walking towards Rick and Michonne, motioning for them to head out onto the back patio.

It was nice outside, still bright as noon, Rick and Michonne standing close to each other while Negan leaned against the railing of the patio.

"What was that about?" Rick asked.

"He didn't really tell you how the abuse started. Which is his story to tell, I'll let him, but it has to do with his baby sister that he said passed away." He explained. Negan wasn't going to tell them anything Carl wouldn't want him too, but if they were going to be living in a house with him and the baby then they would need to know how to help him. "He thinks it was hit fault that the baby died... Lori did too. I just think this is too knew for him. He told me he was

really excited to have a new younger sibling, but I could he's been apprehensive about it for a while."

The side of Rick's mouth drooped a little lower and he brought his hand up to his forehead, looking down at the ground for a moment. "Is this how you get him through the attacks? Just let his body work through it?" He questioned.

"This is only the second one, but I figure that's just about it."

"Thank you." Rick said honestly and Negan could tell that even though he might not completely have the mans approval, he had his respect.

Negan glanced into the house through the glass sliding doors and saw that Carl's eyes were closed on the couch, he smiled softly to himself.

"Did... Did you initiate the relationship?" Rick asked and Negan turned back to face him.

"No, he did. Well, he was in heat, so I can't say that the first time wasn't just the fever, but I'm given him numerous opportunities to get out of this relationship if he feels uncomfortable, he always just comes back."

"And you're not gonna mate him until he's 18, right?"

Negan chuckled lightly and shook his head. "No, he mentioned it the other day but I told him we should wait."

Rick clapped a hand on Negan's shoulder and nodded, "alright," was all he said before heading back into the house.

They didn't end up finishing dinner that night. Michonne spent a while cleaning everything up while Rick read a book in the arm chair by the couch. Carl was still asleep so Negan had his head in his lap, figuring he'd want to wake up with him still there.

It was getting late into the evening, nearing eight o'clock and Carl still wasn't stirring, Negan wasn't sure how long he was welcome in their home but figured he was nearing the limit.

"Hey Rick?" Michonne said, coming to stand by his chair. She had her hair pulled up away from her face and Negan could admire that she was a beautiful woman, not as pretty as Carl though.

"Hmm?" Is all Rick said in response, looking up a bit from his book but holding his spot with his finger. Negan absent-mindedly carded his hands through Carl's lengthening hair. He liked the length that it was at, it made Carl look older.

"Why don't you think about getting Carl in to see a therapist? I have a few connections in Atlanta and I can make sure he's in good hands." She offered.

Rick tweaked his lips to the side but nodded. "Yeah... Yeah I think that would be best. I think this is a lot more than we can help him with. Negan, how does that sound?"

Negan was surprised that Rick would ask his opinion but perked up at it. "I think that would be a great idea." He agreed and felt Carl stir under his hand. His eyes fluttered open a few times and then he was staring up at Negan.

"Therapy?" He questioned slightly and furrowed his brows.

"You were awake?" Negan asked, he had noticed in their time living together that Carl was *very* good at pretending to be asleep. The kid just gave him a sheepish grin in return.

"How do you feel about it Carl?" Michonne asked.

"Fine I guess. Doesn't really bother me or anything."

June 15th, 2017. A Friday.

"Hi Carl, it's very nice to see you." Said the young woman sitting on the couch across from him. She was pretty, Carl thought, with blonde hair and blue eyes. She smiled a lot and the room was cozy, Carl liked it all fine so far.

"Uh, yeah, good to meet you too." He agreed and shifted a bit on the couch. There were toys in bins across the room, a large carpeted area for little kids to play on, and then the two warm couches that they were sitting in with sunlight filtering in through the windows. It all made Carl feel very relaxed, more at home to talk with her.

"Why don't you tell me why you're here?"

And Carl began telling his story, from beginning to end he didn't hold anything back. There was no reason too, she couldn't tell anyone and his mom had disappeared off the face of the earth. Mrs. Andrea Harrison was here to listen to him, so he would talk.

He didn't feel weird about going to therapy. Negan had told him about getting a little counseling when he was in high school, his dad said he'd wished he'd gone to something after his little sister died, and Michonne told him that basically all the people she knew were in some sort of counseling. Michonne had found Andrea through one of her colleagues after after all three (four with Judith) of them met at a coffee shop so that Carl could get a feel for her, Michonne seemed to really like her, which made Carl like her more.

After Carl finished talking, she had a small notepad where she had jotted some things down and was looking back over it. "Hmm, let's back up to a few months ago. You said you had suicidal ideations?"

"Yeah, uh not anymore really though." He explained, and it was true, he didn't think about that anymore unless something reminded him of Philip Blake.

"Why don't you tell me more about that."

Chapter 10: The End

July 14th, 2017. A Wednesday.

"Someone needs to go get some snacks." Tara complained, sitting on the floor in Carl's living room. Michonne and Rick had taken an overnight trip into Atlanta and Carl was left alone in the house. His dad had left him strict instructions to have some friends over and have some fun, Carl just wasn't sure if his dad meant him to have *all* of his friends over.

"Dude it's like one in the morning." Carl complained, trying to keep his eyes open. It had been a long day and he was super tired, just trying to tough it out so that he wasn't the first one to fall asleep.

"We are completely out of food." Maggie said from the kitchen. Of course, she didn't really mean that, she just meant that they were out of food they wouldn't have to prepare--which wasn't really safe for them to do in this state.

"Fine, fine, I'll run to the store. Anybody want to come with?" He asked, standing up and rubbing his eyes slightly. There was a twenty-four hour grocery store just around the corner that would have prime snacking materials. He checked his wallet and found about fifty bucks.

Carl had gotten a summer job at Andrea's insistence, and though he only worked about fifteen hours a week, it was good for him. Making coffees wasn't that hard, plus Negan thought the apron he had to wear was pretty hot.

"I'll go with you!" Dwight said, standing up from his spot on the couch. He never got as wasted as everyone else.

"Me too." Sasha said. "I need some fresh air."

"Be right back!" Carl yelled into the room to a chorus of grunts and half mumbled "yes"'s.

The night air was brisk and slightly damp with humidity. It's was warm out though, uncomfortably so. Carl and Dwight weren't wearing much more than shorts and a tee shirt while Sasha was just wearing shorts and what absolutely shouldn't be considered a shirt.

None of them said anything for about the first block, just walking in a staggered row. Sasha was probably the most out of it of any of them, Carl was a close second. Dwight seemed like the closest thing they had to a parental figure at the moment.

Carl felt his phone buzzing in his pocket but didn't bother to check it. It was too late, they could wait until tomorrow.

"Is your dad cool, Carl?" Dwight asked finally, breaking the easy silence that they'd had.

"Yeah, yeah he's really great. Much better than my mom." explained.

"Yo I don't think I ever heard the whole story Carl, what happened with you mom?" Sasha asked, her speech slurring slightly, but still cognizant enough to understand what she was asking.

"She was hitting me, hit me too hard I guess and then disappeared." He said, keeping it short and close to the breast. He didn't really feel like going over all of it at one in the morning with someone he was just acquaintances with.

"Dude, that sucks. My dad was the same way." She said, looking up at the sky for a moment, before focussing back on the sidewalk, making sure that she wouldn't trip.

"What happened to him?" Dwight asked, getting back into the conversation again. It was times like these that Carl remembered he wasn't alone in what he'd gone through. Even in his small group of friends there were three people who had gone through it, Carl wondered if it was this bad all over.

"Ty finally got big enough to hit back." Sasha responded, they rounded the corner and the blinding lights of the grocery store came into their view.

"How is Tyreese? Doing good in college?" Carl questioned. He never really knew the guy but for the few parties they'd had at Sasha's house Tyreese had brought the alcohol.

"Yeah, he just signed with the Green Bay Packers, he's making fucking bank." She trailed off with a giggle and they entered the store.

The snack aisle was the first place they headed to, grabbing all the bags of chips they could hold and then tossing them all unceremoniously onto the checkout conveyor. The cashier looked unbothered with their state and began to monotonously scan each item.

Sasha was leaning against the counter behind them while Carl pulled out much more money than he could possibly need.

Dwight was grabbing all the bags and loading them on his arms.

"Carl?" He heard a voice from behind him and he turned around to see Philip Blake standing behind them in the checkout line.

His chest seized, his breathing stopped, a cold sweat broke out across his whole body. "Uh... um..." He trailed off. Carl had realized the obviously Philip was still alive, but Carl hadn't anticipated the man to still be around, to still live in even the same town.

Carl took a step back as Philip stepped forward. Dwight pushed Carl a little further back and stepped in front of him. "Back off." Dwight said.

Philip raised an eyebrow and backed up a bit. "How's your mom, Carl?" He asked with a smirk on his face. *He knows*, Carl thought, Philip had to know that his mother wasn't around anymore.

"He's not talking to you." Dwight answered for him.

Sasha was holding the groceries in one hand, watching everything that was happening with a careful eye.

A vein in Philip's neck twitched harshly, but he tried to not look angry. "Well then Carl, I'll be seeing you around." Philip said and Dwight grabbed Carl's arm, leading him out of the store.

Once they were in the dimly lit parking lot, Carl doubled over and breathed heavily. "Oh fuck, oh fuck." He muttered as his whole body lit up with panic. Carl's stomach flipped over and he heaved but thankfully didn't throw up.

"Hey, Carl? Carl! You just need to take some deep breaths okay?" Sasha said and grabbed his shoulders, trying to center him. It wasn't going to work though, he was past that.

"I just need to go. I need to go." He repeated and pulled out of Sasha's grasp, backpedaling slowly.

"Carl, you need to come home with us." Dwight said, trying to calm him down. "I don't know who that was, but I can tell he was no one good. Why don't you tell us about it while we walk?" He suggested.

"No, no, no, no, no. I'm not going back there. I can't. Just, just, tell Maggie I'll text her." He promised and then without anything else he took off, almost a full sprint across the parking lot and away from them.

As Carl ran he could hear them yelling, asking for him to come back, but they didn't follow him.

Carl ran for a long time. He must have looked a funny sight since it was pitch black and he definitely wasn't dressed for running. He had his phone in his pocket but didn't pull it out, he wouldn't until he got where he was going.

Within twenty minutes Carl had reached the edge of town, slowing his roll a little bit and now just jogging. His phone vibrated harshly in his pocket and Carl felt like he couldn't run anymore.

His body just wanted to curl up in a ball, his stomach was still trying to empty itself, and his lungs were pounding with how fast he'd ran over three miles.

Carl collapsed into a heap on the grass at the side of the highway, glad that it wasn't very busy and he wouldn't get the cops called.

Call from Negan his phone read and Carl sighed, swiping to answer.

"Carl? Hey kiddo I called you earlier but you didn't pick up. Just wanted to see if you needed anything since your parents are gone." He said. Negan knew that Carl was having a party tonight, and had been pretty worried about him. His party's had about a fifty percent chance to go very terribly, so Negan had reason to be worried.

"Uh... yeah..." Carl drew in sharp breaths between each word, not realizing how much he was panting until he started talking and found it really hard to form words.

"Where are you? You're not okay." He said, immediately realizing that Carl needed help and probably wouldn't ask for it.

"Two miles," he panted, "from your turn off." Carl paused for a long moment, taking in deep breaths. "On the side of the road."

"Shit." Is all Negan said and then Carl could hear shuffling on the other side of the phone. "Stay there." He ordered.

"I will." Carl promised and hung up the phone, rolling onto his back in the thick grass he was laying in. Carl wasn't as sleepy as he usually was during his panic attacks, but those had all been different panic attacks--about Judith. This was an attack about Philip and Carl didn't even know how to help himself at the moment.

He turned his head ninety degrees and threw up. He rolled onto his otherside then, just trying to make sure that if he threw up again he wouldn't choke on his vomit or anything.

Carl's mind was almost completely blank the entire time he was waiting for Negan. Cars drove by, but he didn't recognize the sounds of the motor.

Finally a motorcycle got gradually slower as it came towards him and Carl's head perked up. He hadn't actually been on Negan's motorcycle before, but he got up anyway and saw that it had come to a complete stop a few feet away from where he was, at one of the mile marker signs.

"Carl!" He heard the voice and Carl pushed himself to his feet. Negan balanced the motorcycle and put his helmet on the seat engulfing Carl into his arms and holding him tight for a moment. "Oh fuck, oh fuck." Negan breathed out and held Carl against his chest, pulling in deep breaths.

"Can we go home?" Carl asked softly, letting his weight rest against Negan.

"Yeah, yeah baby we can." Negan promised and helped Carl to stand on his own before handing him the second helmet and stabilizing Carl in front of him on the bike. Negan's legs and arms were long enough to hold him tight and ride at the same time, so gripping Carl tightly he tore around the police access strip and down the road towards the suburbs. There was buzzing coming from Carl's phone but he ignored it for the moment.

When they finally pulled into Negan's garage Carl pulled the helmet off of his head and was in the house before Negan was even getting off the bike.

Lucille pawed at his legs as he entered the house and Carl stripped out of his shirt as he went up the stairs, unbuttoning his pants as well and pulling his phone out of the pocket. He had three unread texts from Maggie.

-Message from Maggie 1:30 AM

Carl, Dwight said you had a panic attack. Where are you? I'll come get you.

-Message from Maggie 1:40 AM

Carl Grimes. Pick up your phone.

-Message from Maggie 1:52 AM

Carl please, just let me know you're ok.

Carl typed out a quick response to her.

-Message to Maggie 2:06 AM

Hey mags, i am fine. at negans house, prob gonna spend the night. had a panic attack not feeling well. can u guys clean up a little? just throw the beer cans away and air the place out. thx luv u.

Not a minute later Maggie had shot back with a reply.

-Message from Maggie 2:06 AM

Alright, I hope you're doing better. We'll clean up the mess. I love you too Carl. xoxo

Carl dropped his phone on the side table and got the rest of the way out of his jeans. He needed Negan in his ass right now and he wasn't going to mess around with trying to get undressed. Something about seeing Philip had made Carl want to be taken, to be reminded that he belonged to Negan and Philip wasn't even in the equation.

He heard Negan finally enter the house and Carl stripped out of his boxers, jumping off the bed and rooting around underneath it for a box of sex toys that the man had. They'd used a butt plug and a vibrating dildo once but Carl knew he had much more, so he pulled out a pair of handcuffs. The sex kind with the quick action release and no need for a key.

Negan's heavy boots were coming up the stairs and Carl got back onto the bed, kneeling with his forehead on the pillow and his ass in the air. His hands were behind his back, holding the handcuffs in them so Negan could tighten it.

The door squeaked open and there was a palpable silence for a moment. Carl didn't look up but he imagined Negan was just taking in the sight of him.

"Oh *baby*." He whispered and Carl heard his jacket slipping off, pausing for his shoes as well. "Oh Carl." He echoed, slightly louder, and took a seat on the side of the bed. Negan put his hand on the back of Carl's neck and coaxed him to turn his head. Carl's eyes ghosted over Negan's face and the man's nose crinkled up slightly before he softly ghosted Carl's cheek bone with a thumb. "Are you sure?" He asked.

Negan was only asking and being with sweet because the moment Carl had gotten on the bed his head had started to get hazy and his eyes glassy. He was in *omega-space*, it was a version of subspace that only omegas could enter, and they could enter it without the factor of physical pain or pleasure. Carl would let anything happen to himself right now, because he totally and completely trusted his alpha. He'd gotten to omega-space one other time during play and Negan had called it a night after that, saying that they both needed to get some sleep.

Now though, Carl needed this. He needed to be manually brought back down by Negan. "Please sir." He said and jangled the hand cuffs lightly.

"What's your safe word?" Was all Negan said before stripping out of his clothing as well, getting on the bed behind Carl and doing up his wrists in the handcuffs so they were held securely behind his back. They hadn't tried bondage before but Carl liked the feeling of not being able to move. He tested out the cuffs by pulling on them a little and found that they absolutely weren't going to break. There was a little button he could reach back and hit to release them, but Carl wasn't planning on it.

"Red." Carl mumbled back and Negan hummed happily, running his hands down Carl's battered back.

"What do you need tonight?" He questioned as Carl's hole began to produce slick.

"Everything... Just fuck me hard. *Hurt me.*" Carl emphasized and Negan felt a shiver go down his spine, but not in a good way.

"Carl honey, I'll do anything you want. I just need to know why." He asked quietly, even as he pressed two fingers into Carl's ass, feeling around and stretching him a bit.

"I don't want to talk about it. Don't stretch me." Carl ordered and Negan's fingers faltered slightly before pulling out.

"Are you telling me what to do?" Negan asked, his alpha voice working in. Carl whined a bit at the words and he produced a little more slick that dribbled down onto his thighs slowly.

"Please daddy, just take me." He rephrased the order and Negan squeezed his ass happily. Carl knew better than to tell him what to do, Negan absolutely hated it, and usually Carl had no problems.

Negan spread Carl's ass so that he could see the tight pink pucker and lined his cock up to it with one hand. His other hand squeezed Carl's hips tightly, making sure that it would leave a mark, before he pressed his cock in. Negan didn't do it slowly, he was all at once pressing into Carl, sliding until he was bottomed out.

Carl winced and then let out a long groan of satisfaction. This was exactly what he wanted. Carl couldn't forget about Philip Blake now, and he needed Negan to take him harder than Philip ever could have, to absolutely dominate him.

"My neck, please daddy." Carl whimpered and Negan continued to thrust harshly into Carl but moved a hand up to hold Carl's neck, loosely holding his fingers around it.

"Flip over." Negan ordered and Carl turned onto his back so that Negan could see him. Carl's cock wasn't even hard and Negan swallowed but ignored it, thrusting all at once back into Carl and tightening his grip on Carl's neck. Negan knew how to erotically asphyxiate, and Carl wasn't in much actual danger, but Negan eased up on the grip every once in a while to make sure Carl's face didn't turn too red.

Carl was whining and thrusting back down on Negan's cock, but his own was only showing mild signs of interest. Negan moved one hand to Carl's dick but Carl swatted it away. *I want him to take me like Philip would have*, he thought to himself, *so I can't get hard*.

"Is this good baby boy?" Negan questioned. He couldn't deny that he was concerned about Carl right now, the kid was pretty deep in omega-space and Negan would really rather have them just cuddle or do something more slow and loving, but he would do what Carl wanted for now.

"No... No..." He gasped out and Negan momentarily stopped his thrusting. Carl's eyes were closed, the corner of his lip was curled up. This wasn't how Carl usually looked while they were having sex.

"You know your safe word." Negan reminded and Carl gave a jerking nod.

Negan pulled his hand away from Carl's neck and drug his nails down the boys chest, making sure to harshly tweak his nipples on the way. His thrusting was a little shallower as his attentions were elsewhere. His cock was only still interested because it was in Carl's ass, but overall Negan was feeling a little bit weird about everything and he wasn't even having to convince his body not to knot his omega.

"Hit me, please." Carl said and Negan's finger nails roughly dug into Carl's side without though. The boy winced and bucked up.

"Pardon?" Negan questioned, soothingly running his hand over where he'd squeezed too tight.

"My cheek, slap me. Please, I need you to." Carl complained, still not opening his eyes.

Negan brought his hand up and it faltered slightly. He'd been with omegas before who liked to be hit like this, and it wasn't really any different from spanking... Negan supposed he would give Carl what he wanted, but didn't put all of his strength behind the blow. He struck Carl across the face and his lip split open slightly, but the swat wasn't hard enough to leave a lasting mark or bruise.

Carl felt the copper bleed into his mouth and he choked around the air in his lungs. "Please, please, oh god, stop. No, I don't want this." Carl moaned out.

Negan's thrusts stopped altogether and he pulled out. *This is a fucking rape. Carl's acting out a rape without fucking telling me.* Negan thought to himself quickly, piecing everything together.

"Daddy, in me again." Carl said, peeking his eyes open a little, but he seemed to shrink back into the mattress when he saw how angry Negan's face was set.

"No Carl, red, okay? I'm using the safe word. I'm not fucking doing this." He said, barely below a shout and got up from the bed. "Fuck." He muttered softly and pulled on his jeans and shirt over his head.

Carl sat up too, wincing at the sting of his ass from being penetrated with barely any prep. "Negan, come on, please?" Carl asked and got out of the bed, dropping to his knees in front of Negan and going for the mans zipper.

Negan back away and grabbed Carl by his forearm, throwing him onto the bed and clenching his jaw. He stared at Carl for a few moments, trying to calm himself down so he wouldn't blow up at him. "I respect your wishes Carl, all of them. All I want from you is the same respect." Negan bit out and grabbed his wallet from the bedside table, turning to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" Carl cried out and sat up on the bed but didn't make a move to get out of it.

"I need a fucking smoke and some beer. Stay here, I'm not done talking to you." Negan commanded and Carl shrunk onto the bed.

"No daddy, please, please, please don't go." Carl said, tears stinging in his eyes and some rolling down his cheeks.

Negan turned back around, against his better judgement. "Stop it with the fucking tears! Stay here and shut up about it." He shouted, which prompted Carl to break out into more tears. Negan huffed and then walked away.

On the quick walk to the gas station Negan calmed down enough to rationalize what Carl had done. So he'd wanted to act out a rape scene, if Carl had asked politely Negan may have actually agreed to it, but Negan was not keen to *finding out* that he was the rapist in a rape scene, in the middle of the fucking scene.

As Negan stewed over this, another part of his mind reminded him that there must have been a reason Carl had wanted that. A reason that Negan had found him laying on the side of the road.

Cigarettes in one hand, twenty four rack of beer in the other, he headed home. Lucille was upstairs now, cuddled up to Carl who was still lightly sobbing and Negan set down the beer on the side table with the cigarettes on top.

He momentarily ignored Carl and opened two of his windows to let a breeze in, and also so that he could smoke in the room. Negan tried not to smoke in the house, but it was his fucking house and he could do what he wanted.

Negan took a seat next to Carl on the bed, who was curled up around Lucille and obviously trying to stop crying. Negan opened the case of cigarettes and cracked open a beer, lighting one and taking a sip from the other.

"Carl..." Negan started softly and Carl burrowed his head further into Lucille's fur. "I'm not gonna yell at you baby, just sit up and look at me please." He said softly, trying to soothe his omega.

Carl seemed to contemplate it for a moment before finally pulling himself up to lean against the pillow. He'd put his boxers on but nothing else. "I'm so sorry." He mumbled.

"I know you are baby, I can tell. That's just not gonna cut it though. I need you to tell me why you wanted that...Why you wanted to be *raped*." He emphasized the word.

Carl reached over with two thin, pale fingers to take the cigarette out of Negan's mouth and before the man could get a word in edgewise Carl was taking a long drag from it, passing it back to Negan. "That night at my moms house. The last night." He said vaguely and stared at the wall in front of him.

Negan was unimpressed with Carl taking the cigarette but lit a new one anyway and handed it to the boy. He was still deep in his own mind, and right now wasn't the time to act like his father. "Were you...?"

"No, I threw up and hit him over the head with a baseball bat before he could. I just... I saw him tonight, and I needed him *off* of me." Carl said and took a drag off of the cigarette, holding the smoke in his mouth for as long as possible before languidly exhaling.

Negan crushed his first can and grabbed another, drinking the bitter liquid quicker than he should be. "I love you." Negan said softly and Carl flashed him a surprised look. Before Carl could respond, Negan continued. "But that was unfair to me. You should have asked me if we could do that."

Carl grabbed Negan's beer and commandeered it for himself, Negan snatched this one back though and elbowed Carl in a clear *no* gesture. "I love you too. And I was only thinking about myself." He admitted.

"Let's just finish these and then go to bed. I'll wake you up in time for therapy tomorrow." Negan promised and Carl closed his eyes as he took another long drag, nodding his head as he breathed out.

July 14th, 2017. A Wednesday.

Later that day, around four in the afternoon, Carl was sitting in his bathtub with no water.

His day flashed through his mind, the absolute boat load of shit that had happened, all in less than twenty four hours.

Philip Blake.

Negan.

His mom.

Lori was a new one, that had been added at nine in the morning, before Negan was even going to think about waking Carl he'd gotten a call from his dad who told him he needed to go down to the morgue immediately, to help identify a body.

It had been his mom, almost two months rotted to nothing with her head completely severed from her body. She'd hung herself within a month of putting Carl in the hospital, and had just been decomposing in an abandoned warehouse until some high college students had found her. Her neck had come completely undone when they'd tried to move her and get her down.

Rick hadn't even been able to recognize the corpse as his own wife. To be fair, she looked nothing like the Lori they knew, but Carl had been able to tell. He would always be able to tell.

He'd cried, a lot, and then shown up at Ms. Andrea Harrison's office with a lot to get off of his chest. She was understanding though, she wanted to help.

"I just, I can't cope with everything falling apart around me right now. First I see the man who tried to rape me, and he fucking speaks to me, like he owns me. I can't believe I almost let that happen to myself. Christ." He'd told Andrea, reminiscing about his day.

"Carl, remember that you didn't almost let anything happen, this man had tried to force himself on you. It was in no way your fault." She urged him and he screwed his eyes shut, it was a pleasant thought, but Carl knew the truth about what he was.

"Then Negan. Oh shit Andrea, I basically raped him myself. I didn't...I didn't realize until it was too late that he didn't want it." Carl massaged the bridge of his nose lightly and looked down towards the plush carpet on the ground.

"Did he tell you that he didn't want it?" She asked, crossing one leg over the other and examining him clinically.

"I mean eventually yeah..." He trailed off.

"And did you stop?" She questioned again.

"Of course."

"Then how was that rape, Carl?"

Carl sighed and almost wanted to roll his eyes at her. She just didn't fucking get it. Carl move on with his story. "And my mom killed herself. She fucking killed herself."

"Oh Carl, honey how did you feel when you found out?" She asked and poised her pen so it was ready to write on the pad in front of her.

"Like I wanted to kill myself too." He answered honestly, finally looking up into her eyes.

"You told me that you haven't felt suicidal in months." Andrea noted but didn't even look up at him, just continued writing.

"I realize now that was mild. Now? I just can't stop thinking about it. I've ruined everything in my life, I'm a fucking whore, my alpha hates me, and now my mom is dead, partly because of me. I just don't want to be here anymore, I don't want to fuck up anything else."

"Then why don't you?" And the buzzer dinged, signifying the end of their time together, right as a knock came at the door, Andrea's next patient. Carl never heard what she was going to say after that, if she was going to say anything after that.

So now Carl was locked in the bathroom, he was wearing the *Led Zeppelin* shirt that he'd stolen from Negan the first night they were together, a ratty old pair of jeans, and the checkered vans that his dad had bought him. His skateboard was sitting in his lap, his hands rested on the rough material on top.

There was an old hunting knife that he was currently picking his fingernails with as he thought more about his decision, and his resolve further strengthened.

He left a very short note. All it said was: *Dad & Michonne I love you. Judith I wish I could see you grow up. Negan, I love you more than anything.* And that was it, he wasn't going to go into it, he just had to get this over with.

Carl glanced at the clock on his phone and noticed that he was losing time, his dad and Michonne would be home in fifteen minutes, so without further contemplation Carl dragged the knife horizontally across both of his wrists, laid his head back, and waited.

Chapter 11: Onward

Chapter Summary

I never thought I was going to write more on this but I just reread through it and got impassioned. So here you go, it's not an ending, but it's better than what the last chapter left it at! :)

Chapter Notes

NOTES

once again I know nothing about medicine. this is all from webmd :/
-sad start to this bad boy, but she mellows out

July 14th 2017. A Wednesday.

Michonne wasn't entirely sure where Rick or Carl were, she just knew that she wanted to get home with Judith and hopefully take a long nap.

Carl might be home, but she hadn't seen him a over a day since she and Rick had been in Atlanta, and then Rick had gotten a cab back to King County when the police had called him about identifying a body. She'd asked if he wanted her to go with, but he'd declined, saying that she deserved a relaxing day, because if the body was *really* Lori, things weren't going to be relaxing in the Grimes household for a while.

So Michonne had leisurely made her way back to the house, stopping at a few stores and getting more things for Judith and some clothes for Carl. That kid had a seriously scant wardrobe, she figured that all of the money from Rick had probably just been used by Carl to try and buy food before Lori could spend it all on liquor.

She yawned pulling into the driveway and Judith was thankfully still asleep in the back seat even as Michonne carried her inside and set the car seat down on the living room carpet, hoping that she might be able to nap on the couch for a moment.

"Carl?" She called out, wondering if he was home or not.

No response came to Michonne figured he was at Negan's, that's where he usually was. Negan was good for Carl, even if Rick couldn't *fully* accept it yet. She knew more about the man than she let on to Rick, as Carl had talked an awful lot about him in their few phone calls. They got in fights every once in a while, but Michonne couldn't remember a single time

that Carl and Negan had stayed mad at each other for any real amount of time. She felt like she had that relationship with Rick and was glad that her step-son to be had that stability in his life as well.

Michonne stretched her arms above her head and then caught onto a weird scent in the house, it was tangy in the air and she first checked the kitchen, but nothing was in there.

Upstairs she could smell it stronger and pushed open the door to her and Rick's room, but nothing was in there.

Carl's room was next, but nothing was in there.

There was a light coming from under the bathroom door and suddenly Michonne felt a wave of pure dread come over her body. She couldn't explain why, it was just some sixth sense that there was something wrong.

Her breathing quickened as she reached out to touch the handle, and then quickly recoiled her hand as if it had burned her. *There's no one home*, she reminded herself and reached out once again, pushing down on the door handle and walking into the bathroom.

Michonne fell completely over, not even able to catch herself after she took in the sight in front of her. She groaned in pain as she lay on the floor, but then adrenaline started coursing through her veins and she had to pick herself up off the floor and drag her feet to the edge of the tub where she collapsed again, to her knees.

"Carl," her voice was broken and silent in the bathroom.

Red stained the bottom of the tub and the shower curtains.

He's dead.

She thought to herself as the first wave of tears came to her eyes.

Dead.

It repeated in her mind and her mouth opened in what was going to be a silent scream, when she saw Carl's chest move.

"Carl? Carl baby!" She yelled and reached out to feel his neck, his heart was beating. She looked down at the wounds on his wrists, one of them was still bleeding, the other wasn't. He must have done one to deep and couldn't stomach to do the other one the same, that was *good*.

Michonne pulled her tee shirt off and picked up Carl's limp and cold hand, holding it above his head and pressing the shirt against it. The blood was seeping through the shirt, but Michonne kept his hand raised high.

She got it so that she was adequately holding his hand and putting pressure on the wound with one of her hands so that she could pull her phone out and call an ambulance.

"911 what's your emergency?" The operator on the line said, sounding very bored.

"M-my son, he's slit his wrists." She forced herself to say, trying to stop from sobbing as it came out.

The operator seemed to sober up. "*Can you give me your address and we can have an ambulance on its way.*"

Michonne rattled off the address and then dropped her phone, bottom lip quivering as she took Carl's hand and his still bleeding wrist in both of her hand.

She bowed her head and brought Carl's hand to her lips so she could press a kiss against it as she let her emotions take her over. "Carl please." She begged, not really sure to who. "Please, please, please." Her voice was barely above a whisper, already hoarse as she tried to speak around the sobs that were shaking her entire body. She couldn't hold still, every part of her was shaking.

"Please God, please, don't take him from us." She pleaded, looking up at the dull ceiling of the bathroom. Judith started crying downstairs but Michonne couldn't get up, she couldn't move her body if she was on fire.

She heard sirens after what felt like an eternity and finally Michonne reached into the tub, putting his wrist and hand that had kind of stopped bleeding on his chest and picked him up, she left the skateboard in the tub.

He was so small that she was able to cradle him against her body comfortably, even as she was getting soaked with blood.

There was a loud authoritarian knock at the door and Michonne opened the door while still holding Carl's body.

He was immediately taken by the paramedics and bombarded with questions that she wasn't ready to answer.

"When did this happen?"

"I don't know."

"Any idea how long he's been like this?"

"None."

Michonne grabbed Judith's car seat and was in the back of the ambulance before she knew it. Judith stopped crying as if she could possibly understand how tense this situation was.

"Is he going to die?" She asked, the tears had finally stopped coming and she looked completely removed from the situation, disassociating herself with what reality had become.

"Once we find out just how much blood he's lost, we'll know for sure." One of the EMTs said, and that didn't reassure Michonne at all.

She reached out and held Carl's hand, the one attached to the wrist that was no longer bleeding while the EMTs tried to do as much first aid on the other as they could. He was so cold that she used her other hand to try and warm him up.

Staring at his body, Michonne was once again racked with just how weak he looked. She couldn't believe that the exuberant, confident Carl Grimes could ever look like this.

Carl, Rick, and Judith were the most important people in her life, she *couldn't* lose one of them.

They finally pulled up to the hospital and Carl was taken out on the bed, immediately wheeled into the hospital through the back entrance, Michonne gripped Judith's car seat tight as she followed them, moving incredibly fast through the packed halls.

"Miss, do you know of any allergies he has?" A nurse asked and Michonne shook her head.

"I'm sorry, I'm only his step mom, I can call his dad." She said and the nurse told her that would be a good idea.

Michonne didn't want to leave the room that Carl was in, but nurses and doctors were flooding in, obscuring her view of him and making it incredibly busy. She would just get in the way, so she stepped into the hall.

Dialing Rick's number, Michonne felt tears come back to her eyes and slid down the wall. One of her arms was protectively around Judith's car seat as she tried to stop from sobbing.

"*Hey what's up?*" Came Rick's voice from the other end. She could hear others voices and then the cracking of balls on a pool table. He was enjoying his day, or letting off steam if Lori had been found dead, which from Carl's state, Michonne assumed she had been.

"I'm at the hospital with Carl. I need you to come." She whispered out, not trusting herself to speak out loud in fear that she would become incoherent.

"*What happened? I'm on my way. Is he okay?*" Rick was obviously walking as he spoke now, and then she could hear him ask someone for a ride.

"He attempted suicide, they're not sure if he's lost too much blood yet." She whispered again and then covered her mouth as tears spilled over.

"*I'm coming.*" He said and then hung up the phone.

Michonne silently screamed into her hands and rested her head in between her knees. There was another person she needed to call, but she just... Needed a moment.

"Miss?" A nurse asked kindly as she came out of the room. Michonne would have been calmed by her presence if she wasn't also covered in blood.

Michonne looked up at her and nodded, blinking a bit through her tears.

"We're stitching his wrist up right now and then we're going to start a transfusion for all the blood he's lost. We're hopeful right now that he didn't lose too much. Would you like me to get you a change of clothes?"

Michonne took in the information for a moment before dragging herself up to her feet and nodding weakly. "Yes, please that would be nice." She couldn't stand being covered in her sons blood for a moment longer.

"I'll be right back. You can take a seat on the bench instead of the floor if you'd like." She suggested and then walked away and Michonne noticed that she'd been barely a foot away from a bench when she'd collapsed on the floor, and moved herself over to sit on it.

Dealing with the nurse had made some of her tears subside and she was finally in the right mind to call Negan and then Carl's friend Maggie.

"Negan?" She questioned right as Negan had asked: "*Michonne?*"

"Carl's in the hospital, he tried to kill himself."

"Jesus, I'm on my way. Tell him I love him."

"I will." She promised and then hung up.

One more phone call to make. She squared herself and shook her head slightly, getting rid of any fog, before dialing Maggie's number.

"This is Maggie." The young girl answered sweetly and Michonne's heart broke a little more.

"Honey, it's Michonne. Carl tried to kill himself and he's in the ICU right now." She said and rubbed her face harshly after she said it.

"Th-thank you for calling me. I'll be there soon."

Soon after the phone call Michonne dropped her phone to the bench next to her and leaned her head against the wall, trying to just breathe and try and understand any of what had happened.

Rick jogged up through the hallway with a stout, mulleted man behind him.

"Michonne! Is he okay, is he in there?" Rick pointed to the room and Rick immediately entered. Michonne couldn't see Carl again.

The other man took a seat next to her. "I'm Dr. Eugene Porter. Rick's friend. It's good to make your acquaintance." He said, his voice was rather odd, but Michonne couldn't be bothered to care at the moment.

"I'm Michonne, it's good to meet you Eugene." She said weakly and she was glad that he understood she didn't want to talk at the moment.

Rick finally exited the room and looked just as pale as Carl had.

He didn't say anything, just took a seat on the floor inbetween Michonne's legs and rested his head on her thigh. "The transfusion's going well, but they don't want any visitors and they suggested a psychiatrist speak to him before any of us do." Rick sighed and wrapped both of his arms around one of Michonne's legs.

Eugene rested a hand on Rick's shoulder. "The transfusion is going *well* Rick. Take a deep breath."

Rick nodded and let his eyes rest for a moment.

The next person to come in was Negan, looking dishelved and frantic as he came upon the three of them in the hall. "Is he-?"

"He's getting a blood transfusion. Things *seem* to be going well." Michonne answered and Negan collapsed on the bench opposite of them.

The nurse finally brought Michonne a fresh pair of clothes so she disappeared into a bathroom to get out of Carl's blood, the clothes would be discarded into a biohazard bag.

There was all of a sudden a loud beeping noise coming from the room and then frantic footsteps. Another doctor and nurse appeared at the door as Michonne got back, and the four of them watched the unmoving door with fear and horror in their eyes. If medical dramas taught them anything, beeping was never good.

"He had a panic attack last night." Negan whispered, his head in his hands, trying not to start crying. "I picked him up, he'd run all the way to the highway and passed out on the grass. I brought him to my house and got mad at him. God I can't believe I yelled at him." Negan sucked in a breath.

"He identified his mothers corpse today because I couldn't." Rick added to the story and clutched his fingers tighter into Michonne's leg.

Maggie appeared soon after with a whole entourage. Hershel, Beth, Glenn, and Dwight all arrived. Rosita was on her way.

"Is he okay?" Maggie cried, her eyes were red and Glenn was still visibly crying. The whole Greene family looked completely wrecked.

"He was and then something happened, we don't know what." Eugene answered for the others who were obviously too broken to speak.

Maggie took a seat on the bench next to Negan, who put an arm around her and let her cry on his shoulder. Glenn was stonefaced even as tears poured down his face.

"He saw someone last night. I don't know who it was. We were at a grocery store at one in the morning, this creepy guy started talking to Carl and then he just *took off*. Literally sprinted faster than I've ever seen someone move." Dwight said solemnly and leaned against the wall.

"The man who tried to rape him." Negan said with realization creeping in his voice.

No one else said anything as a doctor finally came out of the room, he had a bit of blood on his coat. He surveyed the hallway packed with people for a moment before clearing his throat. "I'm Doctor Anderson, Carl's body rejected the blood and went into acute hemolytic reaction, his kidney's are in the early stages of failure so we're putting him on dialysis before we try another transfusion."

No one really seemed to know what that meant except Eugene, but most everyone knew that *kidney failure* was bad. Michonne started crying again.

"Does he have an alpha?" The Doctor asked and all eyes turned to Negan.

"We're not mated." Negan explained.

"I see, that's unfortunate. We'll have to simply try another donor with a blood type match." The Doctor explained and Negan felt so *stupid*. Mated pairs could donate blood and a few other things to one another, if only Negan had said yes to Carl.

"Is he going to be okay?" Rick asked, looking up at the Doctor from his spot on the floor.

"We're not sure. He's lost so much blood that dialysis is a bit risky, but it's out best option. We should be starting the new transfusion in an hour or so if this goes well. You mentioned you were his alpha?" The Doctor looked at Negan.

"Uh, yes." Negan responded.

"Have you been together long? Often times for an omega, having their alpha in the room can increase chances of recovery."

"Yes, yeah, we've been together long. I can go in?" Negan asked and Maggie gripped his arm tightly.

"There's not much that we can do while he's on dialysis, you may go in along with one other visitor at a time. On the off chance he wakes up, we don't want him to be overwhelmed. If he does wake up, we will send for the psychiatrist shortly." The Doctor nodded at the group before going back into the room.

Negan and Rick stood up immediately and Maggie let go of Negan's arm. The two men nodded at each other before walking in.

"Oh God." Negan breathed as he walked into the room. Carl was absolutely tiny. He'd always been little, shorter than the rest, and skinny, but he looked positively skeletal on the bed. He was white, dead white, and his eyes were closed. His chest barely moved as the Doctor inserted two needles into his arms, leading to and from the dialysis machine.

Negan took a seat next to Carl taking his fragile, bird boned hand into his own large one.

Rick said nothing, just stared over the barely living corpse of his son.

Glenn and Negan were quickly ushered out as Carl came to, not thirty minutes later.

"Carl?" A soft, feminine voice asked, taking the seat that Negan had been in.

"Where am I?" Carl asked groggily, his voice weak. He tried to lift his hand but it fell back onto the bed immediately.

"You're in the hospital Carl. I'm Doctor Denise Cloyd, try not to move too much." She urged and pulled the chair closer to Carl's bed.

"Oh fuck. I'm not dead?" He asked, softly, and scrunched his eyes closed.

"Not dead." Denise reiterated. "Do you wish you were?" She asked, it was a dark question, but she asked it with such humble curiosity that Carl answered easily.

"Yes."

"Why?" Was her next question as she wrote his answers down on a pad of paper. She kept an eye on the dialysis machine, she knew how everything worked, and Doctor Anderson had told her, rather rudely, not to fuck anything up before she'd come in.

"Everything's just weird I guess." He tried to shrug but his shoulders were too weak to complete the movement.

"Most people don't attempt suicide just because things are '*weird*.'" She retorted and Carl nodded his head weakly.

He supposed things were more than just weird. "I got a panic attack, more like PTSD, last night and then this morning I found out my mom was dead." He answered. Carl really had a penchant for opening up to therapists.

"In my chart it says that your mom abused you. Are you upset by her death?" Denise asked next and Carl had to think about his next answer.

"I guess I don't miss that version of her. But I miss the idyllic mom ya know? She never really was that, but she was my *mom*." He finally said. Denise had it written in her chart that his mom had almost killed him just a few months prior to this.

"Do you get along with your step mom?"

"Absolutely, I love her." Came the answer immediately.

"Is she an idyllic mom?"

"She's the epitome of an idyllic mom." And Michonne really was, she made *good* pancakes on Sunday mornings and would occasionally play a round of Xbox with Carl. Michonne was perfect.

"You said you had a panic attack. Can you elaborate?"

"I saw someone from my past and then just had a physical reaction. My alpha helped me calm down." Carl explained, not wanting to go into too much detail and relive the experience,

Denise seemed to respect that.

"Do you love your family Carl?"

"Of course, that's a silly question. What's not to love?" He questioned rhetorically and she smiled at him.

"They're in the hall you know, on the edge of their seats waiting to see you, rather upset that I got the first chat." She explained and pushed a lock of hair behind her ear.

"They're *here*?" Carl questioned, his lips downturning.

"Do you know what them here? I thought you loved them?"

"I *do*! It's just, this is such an emotional burden. I can't even imagine if Maggie or Glenn did this..." He trailed off.

"Are those your friends?" She questioned.

"Best friends," he amended.

"Do they love you?"

"I would sure hope so." Carl responded, not really seeing where she was going with this.

"You can't imagine what it would be like to lose one of them, yet they almost lost you." Denise used his own logic against him.

"I guess I wasn't thinking about them you know? I was in the moment."

"Are you going to do something like this again?" She asked, and Carl knew in that moment that he wanted to be completely honest with her.

"I'm not sure."

"Do you like talking to me Carl?"

"Yeah, cooler than my old psych."

"Do you think you want to talk to me some more tomorrow?"

"Sure I guess."

"Do you just want to see your family right now?" Denise knew that this was her job, she *had* to talk to patients when they woke up, mostly to make sure that they actually wanted their family around and that they hadn't been contributing to the attempt. Carl genuinely seemed like he'd been caught up in so many other emotions that his family hadn't really been a factor.

"Yes please."

"Then I'll see you tomorrow Carl."

"Negan!" Carl exclaimed, as loud as his weak body would allow him to when the man walked into the room. The Doctor still kept it to one visitor at a time, with Negan in their permanently, but Negan wanted a moment alone first.

"Well hi baby, you look tired." Negan said with a sad smile on his face before taking a seat next to Carl.

"I'm so sorry Negan I feel terrible about what I did to you last night-"

Negan cut him off. "It's okay Carl. You've used your safe word with me before, that was nothing different." Negan assured and Carl swallowed but nodded.

"I love you." Carl whispered and Negan took his hand.

"That's funny because I love you too." Negan gave him a smile and kissed his hand.

"I'm sorry for scaring you."

Negan sighed and held Carl's hand up against his lips, glad that the boy was warmer than his skin made him look. "I'm still scared Carl."

Carl didn't know what to do. He didn't want to hurt Negan, that had never been his intention. He didn't want to hurt anyone, he wanted all the hurting to go away. It was almost worse living because he had to see how much pain he had caused. Still though, Carl knew if he had died, things would have been a lot worse for everyone, they would have been much more hurt.

"I want to stop scaring you." Carl whispered, his voice barely audible.

"Then don't hurt yourself again." The answer was as simple as that, and yet Carl had to sit on it for a moment.

"Do I have to go to a mental hospital?" He asked, deflecting.

"Do you think you need to?" Was the only thing Negan could think to say to that. He would never think Carl needed to be institutionalized, but if Carl was scared of himself, then... Negan didn't know what to think.

"No. I can talk to Denise more, she was nice." Carl thought about her for a second, she was completely different from Andrea, a little more blunt, and Carl liked that about her. Plus she seemed dorky and kind of nervous, that soothed Carl.

"You can. Is there anything else you can do?" Negan didn't know if Carl had an answer to this, he himself was scrambling to think of just what everyone could do to keep Carl safe.

"I could move back in with you. Just for the rest of the summer." Carl suggested. He'd hated months ago when Negan had kept a constant watchful eye on him, but back then he didn't

think he was capable of actually attempting to kill himself, and now he was scared of himself. He would be scared to sleep in a bed alone.

"Absolutely you can do that baby boy. Lucille and I would love to have you around again." Negan squeezed Carl's hand. "Do you want me to let someone in from the hall?" Negan asked.

Carl wasn't sure he was ready to talk to anyone else yet. He just felt so tired, and it was a strain talking to Negan even.

Quickly after that, Doctor Anderson reappeared and explained that he would be taking Carl off of dialysis and putting him back on the blood tranfusion. Negan stayed throughout the whole ordeal, even though it made his skin prickle to see the needles going into Carl's arm and *hurting* him.

"Alright Carl, I'll check on you in a little while. If you feel any chills, fever, or nausea, press the button to call a nurse immediately." The Doctor informed and Carl nodded.

"I don't want to see anyone else right now." He finally said after the Doctor left.

"Not even your dad?" Negan made sure, Rick would be upset that Carl didn't want to see him, but he was sure the man would understand and respect Carl's wishes.

"No, tell everyone I love them. I just want to take a nap. I don't want you to leave me though." Carl explained and stared curiously at the red liquid that was entering his body for a moment.

"I'll let them know, and don't worry Carl. I'll never leave you." Negan promised, pressing a kiss against Carl's chapped lips before going out to the hall.

If there was one thing to keep living for, it was Negan.

End Notes

TRIGGER WARNINGS:

- Carl is underage and I do not condone relationships between adults and minors, even if the minor is the one coming onto the adult.
- there will be a suicide in this work.
- Carl has a very distorted mindset that is a result of his circumstances, if things like this bother you I recommend not reading it (i.e Carl is very promiscuous but at the same time is discontent with himself because of his mother, also internalizing incorrect things his mom tells him, believing that he deserves her abuse).
- Lori is NOT NICE in this fic, she freaking sucks and does a lot of gaslighting of Carl. There is child abuse and neglect.
- The themes of this story will get darker, but it will never be all angst.
- minors drinking, mentions of minors high on pot (but not Carl).
- I think that's it, if there was anything you believe I should add to this list, lmk and I'll add it

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